Bombay Gazette.

ADVERTISER.

VOL. 37. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1826. 1869.

Advertisement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT an adjourned Sessions of the Peace will be held at my Office in Meadows Street, this day the 29th instant, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; when all persons who have presented Petitions against the Assessment within the limits of the Town, are directed to appear before His Majesty's Bench of Justices, and to bring their witnesses in support of their claims for reduction.

B. NOTON,
Clerk of the Peace.

Meadows Street,
Bombay, March 29th, 1826.

જાહેર ખબર *

કિ લખેઆથી ખબર આપી કિછે જે આ મહીનાની તારીખ ૨૯ મી કિટલેજે આજ દીને બપોરનાં કલાક ૧૧ નાં પીશા જુરાતીશનાં શાહેબ લોક પુન્હા ઘરાંચા ટાકસાબાબદ તજવિજ કરાવવાસ કીલ્યાંત કિમંત્યા દેવલા જવળ નોટન સાહેબાચ્યા હામી સાંત બસતોલ યાંકરિતાં જ્યાંચીં મુબઈ શહરચા હદીતલ્યા ઘરાચા ટાકસા બાબદ અર્જ્યા દિલ્હા આહત ત્યાંસ ઉકુમ કરિતાં હોં કીં ટાકસાચે પૈસે કમી કરાયાકરિતાં અપલાલં શાહદી અસ્તીલ તે ઘેઉન તેથે હાજીર વ્હાવેં તારીખ ૨૯ માહે માર્ચ સન ૧૮૨૬

બી નોટન

પોસ જસ્ટીસ લાર્ક

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow the 30th Instant,
AT ONE O'CLOCK,
A NEAT
BAROUCHE
NEARLY NEW
with a pair of Capital
ARAB HORSES
and a Set of
CARRIAGE HARNESS,
ALSO
An Elegant
LONDON BUILT
STANHOPE
AND HARNESS
Imported per Cambridge,
The Property of a family leaving India.

Meadows Street, 29th March 1826.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow the 30th Instant,

A SMALL Invoice of Fresh Medicines, consisting of Best Soda and Seidlitz Powders, in cases, Henry's Calcined Magnesia, Oxley's Essence of Ginger, Ginger Beer Powders, Peppermint and Tolu Lozenges, Best India Tamarinds, Scales and Weights in Mahogany boxes, Pewter Horse Syringes, &c.

Smelling Salts, Opodeldoc, Huile Antique, Milk of Roses, Eau de luce, Spirits of Lavender, Brandy Bitters, Windsor Soap, &c.

Medows Street, 29th March 1826.

Higgs and Brigg s

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 30th instant,

A Night Day Clock, Pier Glasses, Wardrobe, Dining Table, Sideboard, Chest of Drawers, Glass Bottom Vase Lamps, Sugar Jars, Tonjohns, and other Articles of Household Furniture.

Fine Woollen Cloth, Ball Thread, School Books, and many other articles.

Meadows Street, 29th March 1826.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
REAL AMBER
Necklaces,
From 1½ to 11 Rupees
EACH.

Meadows Street, 29th March 1826.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
On Commission,
A neat
Bengal Built
CHARIOT;
Price Rs. 1,000

Meadows Street, 29th March 1826.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
On Commission,
A NEAT LONDON MADE
CANTEEN,

ELEGANTLY fitted up with Plate and Plated Ware, Glass and Earthenware, consisting of a complete Breakfast and Dinner Service for four Persons.

Price, Rs. 600.

Belonging to an officer leaving India.

Meadows-Street 29th March 1826.

FOUND,

ON the morning of Saturday last the 25th Instant, a Terrier Puppy,—he will be delivered to his owner on application at the Gazette Office.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

Kempt and Co.

WILL Sell by Public Auction, on Friday the 31st Instant, an Invoice of Jewellery and Sundries. imported on the Promise, Captain Gibb, from London.

VIZ.

Gold Chased Lockets. Bright Gold Top and Drop Earrings, Chased Gold Box and Glass, Brooches, Garnet and Pearl Brooches, Pearl and Torquoise, do. Gold Rings, plain, and set with Garnets, Gold Seals of descriptions, Silver Gilt Corals, for Children, Silver Waist Buckles, Scent Boxes, a variety of Silver Pencil Cases, Silver Gilt Snuff Boxes, Gold Shirt Pins, plain with Coral, Pearl, and Torquoise, and Pearl and Garnet, Gold Snaps, &c. &c. &c.

Pearl Handled Silver Knives and Forks, Silver Handled Do. Silver Butter Knives, and Silver Cheese Scoops, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Fruit Knives, &c.

The above may be viewed in the Auction Room, two days preceding the Sale.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

Eduljee Cursetjee's Sons

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

On MONDAY the 3d April next,

AT THEIR ROOMS,

THE EFFECTS OF THE LATE

LIEUT. STUART

OF

H. M. 6th Regt.

CONSISTING OF

AN Arab Saddle Horse, a Elegant Detonating Rifle with a Spare Barrel for Fowling piece by Reviere, a Double Barrel Gun with detonating locks, by Knight, in a Case, and a pair of very Superior Detonating Pistols in a Mahogany Case, Books, Wearing Apparel and Camp Equipage, &c. &c.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

Eduljee Cursetjee's Sons

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

On Monday the 3d April next.

TO CLOSE AN ACCOUNT,

A VERY high cast Bahrun Colt 15 hands high rising four years old. also a high cast Nujede Arab Horse 14¼ rising four years old, have never been in the possession of any Gentleman here having lately landed from the Gulph.

ALSO

An English Milch Cow, and an English Heifer two years old.

LIKWISE.

A Barouche, with a pair of Horses and Harness, the property of a Gentleman proceeded to England.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

Eduljee Cursetjee's Sons

HAVE FOR SALE

On Commission,

A HORSE and Buggy, together or seperate; the Horse is remarkably strong and well calculated for single or double Harness.

ALSO

A Mocha Arab Saddle Horse.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

For Sale

AT

THE GODOWNS OF

Messrs. Patrick Stewart and Co.

A VERY handsome Stanhope, lately imported from London. Price, Rupees 1400.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

VERY SUPERIOR OLD

SHERRY

JUST landed from the Malabar and for Sale at the Godowns of Messrs. RANKEN and SAUNDERS, a few Butts of HARPER and BELLS SHERRY, upwards of two years in India.

PRICE—Rs. 1000 PER BUTT.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

Bills on London.

MESSRS. RANKEN and SAUNDERS as Agents for Messrs. PALMER and Co. of Calcutta will draw Bills at six Months' Sight and at 1 | 11 per Rupee on Messrs. COCKERELL TRAIL and Co. of London.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

FOR SALE,

A FEW QUARTER CASKS

OF

OLD LISBON WINE,

AT 65 RUPEES EACH,

DITTO IN BOTTLES 12 DITTO PER DOZEN,

APPLY TO

MR. TELLES

AT

MESSRS. PEREIRA AND SOBRINHO'S OFFICE.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

For Passage

FOR

BORDEAUX, MAURITIUS, BOURBON, OR ST. HELENA,

THE

FRENCH FAST SAILING SHIP

Sophia,

BURTHEN 612 TONS.

COMMANDER LARTIQUE.

IS to Sail from Bombay the 15th or 18th of April next, and take only four Passengers for one of the aforesail Places or Bordeaux only if required.

N. B. Daily occasions will be found at Bordeaux for the Passage to different place of England.—Forurther Particulars apply to CAPTAIN LARTIQUE or Messrs. JEHANGHEER and NOWROJEE NASSERWANJEE.

Bombay, 29th March 1826.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 28 June, 2017

Bombay Gazette.

VOL. 37. WEDNESDAY, 29TH MARCH, 1826. No. 1869.

GENERAL ORDERS.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 17TH MARCH 1826.

By the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

No. 96 of 1826.—In republishing for general information the 9th Section of Regulation VII of 1814, published to the army in the Government General orders of the 2d of June 1815, the Hon'ble the Governor in Council is pleased to announce that all natives of whatever description, not actually in the army, including Military Pensioners, are prohibited from appearing in a Military Garb

Prohibition against private servants appearing dressed like sepoys and Lascars with certain exceptions.

IX. *First.* All persons, whether European or Native within the Company's Provinces (excepting such priviledged persons as the Government may specially exempt from the operation of the rule contained in this section) are positively forbidden to dress any of their servants either for the purpose of parade or of business, in the uniform of the Company's sepoys and Lascars or in a dress so nearly approaching to that uniform as to enable the persons wearing it to impose themselves on the country people for sepoys and Lascars.

The above rule extended to all natives with certain exception.

Second. All Natives, excepting those actually in the Military service of the Company, or belonging to persons especially exempted by Government from the operation of this rule, are forbidden to wear a dress similar to that mentioned in the foregoing clause.

Officers of every description not to cloth their public servants with a military dress.

Third. Officers of every description, employed in the service of the Company, who are allowed establishments of Peons in their official capacity, or who may have occasion to employ persons of that description in such capicity, are prohibited from clothing them with a Military dress.

What Officers are employed to deprive of a Military dress any persons who shall wear it in opposition to these orders.

Fourth. With the view of giving full effect to the Orders contained in the preceding clauses, the Military Commanding Officers of stations, and of detachments in the interior part of the country, and the several Zillah Magistrates are hereby authorized and required to deprive of a Military dress any person who shall wear it contrary to these orders The local Officers of Police are also empowered and directed to apprehend all persons of the above description, and to send them to the Magistrate, who will deal with them in the manner above prescribed.

Police officers to apprehend and send to the Magistrate persons of the above description.

All persons to whom escorts may be allowed, are forbidden to send Sepoys or Lascars into the Villages to procure provisions or to press Bearers, Coolies, or Boatmen.

Fifth---Military officers or other persons, to whom escort may be allowed, when travelling through the country, are forbidden to send Sepoys or Lascars to the Villages, for the purpose of procuring any sort of provisions, or of pressing Bearers, Coolies, or Boatmen.—Every local officer of Police upon proper Application will, under Section VIII. of this Regulation, grant such assistance as he may be able to afford, and all violent measures, therefore, will be considered equally illegal and unnecessary.

Bombay Castle, 20th March 1826.

No. 97 of 1826 — Captain R Ogilvy, of the 23d Regt. N. I, is permitted to proceed to Cawnpoor with leave of absence to the 1st of August next, on urgent private affairs.

Bombay Castle 20th March 1826.

No. 98 of 1826 —Lieutenant C. Watkins, of the 2d European Regiment, is allowed a furlough to Europe on private affairs, for a period of one year from the date of his embarkation.

By Order of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council,
W. NEWNHAM,
Chief Secretary.

CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.
11TH MARCH 1826.

Mr. Gregor Grant, Acting First Register and Senior Assistant Criminal Judge at Surat.

GENERAL DEPARTMENT.
14TH MARCH 1826.

Mr. F. Bourchier, Deputy Post Master General.

EXCHANGE.

On London 6 mon's. 1 | 10d.1-16 | 1 Rd.
Calcutta. 90 Days 102 B'y Rs. per 100 Siccas.
Madras..30 .. do 97 B'y Rs. per 100 Madras
A fiev per cent loan open.

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

WEDNESDAY, 29TH MARCH, 1826.

Overland intelligence has been received, of the Emperor Alexander having expired, on the 24 of November; but the particulars of his death have not yet transpired; nor does there appear to be any degree of certainty, as to the place where it occurred.

Alexander was born on the 22d of December 1777, married in 1793, succeeded to the throne in March 1801, and was crowned in the following September. With regard to his character, truth, as yet, can scarcely be expected; for like that of most other princes, it has been exalted by flattery above its merits, and occasionally depressed by detraction: much has, probably, been imputed to him, both of good and evil, without the evidence of facts to establish either; or even reasonable grounds for conjecture: but it has been generally allowed, that he possessed great equanimity of temper, mildness of manner, much philanthrophy, and performed acts of grace and charity, in a fair pronortion with other sovereigns. By such qualities he obtained many friends; and had they even been less engaging, as he was fortunate in succeeding a man, universally detested, something below mediocrity would have obtained admiration, by dint of contrast: but on an impartial retrospect of his political conduct, not much is to be discovered, to excite either admiration or esteem. With a disposition for peace, he seemed to possess but slender abilities for the cultivation of its advantages, by enriching his country, or the general improvement of the people: not, perhaps, that they were wholely neglected; but considering the means that were available, and the time which has elapsed since he ascended the throne; their progress has been far from rapid. With a larger territory, than that under the government of any cotemporary monarch, Alexanders rank was but humble in the scale of sovereigns; and after reigning a quarter of the enlightned nineteenth century, he has left his subjects, nearly the same barbarians he found them.

Yet to posterity he may appear under some advantages in the history of Russia, for as the absence of all virtue in his predecessor, left no records of munificence or philanthrophy, to eclipse the amiable part of his character, he seems to have been equally fortunate, in escaping a rival to his fame, when the crown devolved on his brother Constantine, who succeeds him.

This prince is two years younger than Alexander. He was married in 1799 to a princess of Saxe-Coberg, who shortly after, disgusted with the treatment she received, and the coarse manners of her lord; returned to her family.

The little that is known of Constantine, is neither favourable to himself, nor encouraging to the hopes of his people; for although he was heir apparent, even flattery scarcely ventured to blow her trumpet for him, beyond the immediate circle of his companions. His ignorance has often been the subject of

public ridicule; and while it renders him incapable of acting with propriety from the dictates of his own judgment, the stubbornness of his disposition, prevents him benefiting by that of others. In domestic life he has been described as rude, vulgar, and passionate; without moral principle, or the common feelings of humanity, to restrain him from crimes, the mere naming of which, would almost be a violation of both: (*omnia jura, divina, humana, proculcata plerumque sunt*) and as a soldier, void of the most essential qualifications for a commander, being a ferocious disciplinarian, distitute of science, dignity or self control: yet we are told he is partial to military occupations; and a favourite with the army; being personally brave; and often amusing, in the society of those who enjoy buffoonery, and pay a tribute of adulation, suitable to the value at which *he* estimates his talents.

As to his military exploits, few we believe, are on record. In 1799 he served under Suwarrow, and at the battle of Austerlitz, he commanded a corps opposed to the troops under Bernadotte, when he was for a time successful in repulsing the enemy, but ultimately forced to retreat, after having captured an eagle. He was also in the campaigns of 1812 | 13 and 14: and when Alexander had been acknowledged King of Poland, Constantine was appointed his viceroy.

How far the change of governors, may produce a change in the politics of Russia, or affect those of Europe, it is by no means easy to foresee; for the little we have heard of the present Emperors character, affords no information as to his political opinions, and that little may be far from correct, but even should it be otherwise, the uncontroled dominion over an extensive empire, may develop talents, which hitherto have remained dormant in a contracted sphere: ambition, by being suddenly gratified with hereditary acquirements, may be awakened to the pursuit of something beyond, in which a claim could be advanced to the tribute of fame, only due to personal merit: and if he really possesses a warlike spirit, it is scarcely possible to conceive a motive strong enough to restrain it, during so favourable an apportunity for its exertion, as the present state of Turkish politics affords. Alexander, although inclined to peace, added Finland to his extensive dominions, and retained Poland, in opposition to the wishes and expostulation, of almost every European power: and considering that many generations of the same family, have eagerly grasped at an increase of domain, it will be surprising indeed, if the rough hewn Constantine, whose name was given him as a pledge, or stimulus, that he might one day reign in the Ottoman capital, should prove an exception, & alone remain contented with *his lot:* turn his sword into a ploughshare, and exchange the evolutions of armies, for the figuring in a countrydance, with lords and ladies of the bedchamber.

Our readers may probably remember a report, in circulation some time since, of a revolt in the Pachalic of Bagdad; which by late accounts, appears to have been founded on facts, if not wholely correct,—We have been obliged with many interesting details, concerning its origin and progress, which merit some attention; not only as evidence of Mahometan misrule, but from the political state of Bagdad, assuming considerable relative importance, during the present troubles in the western territories of the Turkish empire.

Owing to the precarious tenure, by which every man holds employment under the divan; those who possess the power of enriching themselves, are seldom scrupulous, as to the means of providing, either for the purpose of corrupting the more powerful agents of Government, to extend their licence for public robbery, or of self-support in the days of adversity; when rival interest may have enforced degradation, or the dread of enemies, and suspicions of intrigue, induce voluntary exile.

As such a system must be productive of the severest oppression, the people suffering under it, are ever ready for revolt; and leaders to spring up, from the numerous classes of deposed Governors, discarded favourites, and enterprising characters, who are eternally on the watch; either to gratify revenge, or reap fame and honours, which among Asiatics are often the harvest of rebellion.

The present Pacha of Bagdad appears to have acted on the same principle, as the rest of his countrymen in power, and carried extortion, even to farming the sale of bread, as a source of revenue. If such practices were common in the city of Bagdad, it is probable that oppression was still more severe, in places remote from the seat of Government, from which cause, or perhaps, from an equal military force not always being ready, to support it; the inhabitants of Hillah, a town built on the ruins of Babylon 60 miles from Bagdad, were the first to manifest their discontent. The leading characters, were three persons of considerable importance, and a slave belonging to the Pacha, named Rustum Agha.

The Bey of Hillah was seized; and a proclamation issued, importing, that the Pacha was deposed, and Mahomed ex Kehayah was placed on the musnud, The inhabitants of Hillah armed themselves; and the party was joind by Jeshalin, and the Toboid Arabs Three Georgians, belonging to the Pacha, being suspected of disaffection, were immediately put to death; and 4000 men dispatched to Hillah, by His Highness, who became seriously alarmed at the state of affairs, particularly as it was said, some attempts had been made against his life: but this force, either from inferiority of numbers, mismanagement, or want of zeal, was obliged to retreat; leaving a howitzer in the town—Report says, the exKyyah is countenanced by the Capichi, who remaind at Sulleemaneah, and had imprisoned the Pachas agent.

Col. Ricardi, a native of Piedmont, and Lt. Dorie a spaniard, had arrived at Bagdad, and entered into the Pacha's service. The Col. Required a salary of 40,000 Ps. It is not said whether this demand was complied with, but both the officers were conducted to the camp. How far Europeans may be favoured, it is difficult to conjecture, but judging from the treatment which others receive, the situation cannot be free from apprehensions, as two day after the departure of these gentlemen, the bodies of five Georgians, and the Commander of the Arab guard, were publicly exposed; having suffer'd death on mere suspicion.

After several battles, in which the Pachas troops were repulsed; in September, their fortune began to change, and the rebels in their turn, suffered a signal defeat, with the loss of two standards, The Chief apears to have possessed but little bravery on this occasion; as he fled on the opening of the enemys guns. His Kihayah saved himself by swiming the Euphrates.

Ahmed Pacha, deligted with the success of his troops, rewarded them liberally; but Lt. Doria who distinguished himself with great activity and courage, received only 100P,s.

The *legitimate* army, exercised every species of barbarity and excess in the town, among the defenceless inhabitants; and the Pacha, flushed with victory, seemed to regard it, only as the means of gratifying his thirst of revenge; and swore to annihilate the Aghars Georgians, as it was to that tribe the rebel chief belonged; and forty five houses, owned by the Principal inhabitants of Hillah, were immediately destroyed.

This mode of proceeding, as might have been expected, was far from conciliating the Pachas subjects; nor does his victory appear to have been decisive; for the Arab tribes, have promised their atmost support to the exKaheyah; if Josim Bey approves of their proceedings; of which there seems little doubt, as the Pacha had attempted his destruction, and imprisoned his son. On the Bey hearing of the latter event, he sent a relation to demand his sons release; but he was assured that no harm was intended; and either satisfied with the

reply, or finding his expostulations ineffectual, he returned, escorted by a guard of honour; who hearing on the road, that the Pachas plans had succeeded against Josim Bey, despatched their charge, according to orders they had previously received; but this transaction appeared to be premature, as the Bey had *not* been destroyed; and consequently, the Pacha had every reason to regret a measure, which could only tend to irritate a powerful adversary without the slightest benefit accruing from his treachery.

Moores life of Sheridan, is said to have created a more lively interst in England, than any work, which has appeared for many years. We have neither time or space for extracts in our present number, but as next week will afford both, we shall then offer our readers a few columns from this celebrated production.

We have to announce, on good authority, that the Right Honorable the Governor General has received notification of his intended recal. It is generally supposed that the Duke of Buckingham or Mr. Wynne the President of the Board of Control, will succeed Lord Amherst in the Government of India.

Our Letters also mention that the Marquis of Hastings had declined the re-appointment; that Lord Wm. Bentinck, Sir Charles Stuart, and Sir Thomas Munro, were candidates and that Lord Wm. Bentinck was likely to be appointed in the event of the Duke of Buckingham or Mr. Wynne not coming out.

We have heard rumours respecting the cause of Lord Amherst's recal, but they are so absurd that we cannot yield them the slightest belief, and therefore, shall not give currency to them until we are satisfied that they are founded in fact.—

Bengal Harkaru.

Bombay,

ARRIVALS.—Capt. Ogilvie, Asst. J. A. General.
Do. Le Messurier, Survey Dept.
Lt. Woodhouse, 3d Cavy.
Lt. C. Crawley, Fort Adjt.
Lt. Macan, 15th Regt.
Ensign Chesshyre, 15th Regt.
Lieut. Whittel, Artillery.
Capt. Dawson, 1st Regt. B. L. Cy.
Asst. Surgn. Richd. Frith.
Major Thomas, 2d Lt. Cy.
Lieut. W. F. Beatson, 54th N. I. Bengal Establisht.
Major G. W. Midford, 9th Regt.
DEPARTURES.—Lieut. J. Swanson, Dy. Q. Mr. Gl.
Ensign D. A. Malcolm, 3d Regt.
Lieut. C. B. Morton, 9th Regt.
Lieut. W. McCoghlan, Artillery.
Ensign A. Shepheard, 24th Regt. N. I.

Nautical Chronicle and Naval Report.
Bombay.

ARRIVALS.—March 21st, French Ship Sophie, Captain F. Lartique, from Bordeaux 26th October 1825, Cape 17th December, Mauritius 24th January, and Allipie 5th March.

26th, Ship Helen, George Lugley, Commander, from Bengal.

Do. Brig Maria, E. Daviot, Commander, from Columbo 6th Feb. 1826, left Cannanore the 27th Feb.

Passengers per French Ship Sophie.—Captain W. Ogilvie, Lieutenant O. W. Woodhouse, and Ensign G. Lemessurier.

Passengers per Ship Helen.—Miss Eliza Roxburgh, Capt. Bealham, Bombay Marine, Lieut. Beatson, 54th Bengal N. I. Mr. Frith, Assistant Surgeon Frith, Bombay Marine.

DEPARTURES.—March 21st. Ship Kauderbux, Captain Robert Pye, to China.

Ships Loading.

English.—Windsor Castle, for London.
Promise for Ditto.
Lady East, for Ditto.
Lowjee Family, for China.
Edmonston, for Ditto.
Byramgore, for Madras and Bengal.
Futtay Elloysaw, for Penang, &c.
French—Levrier, for Bourbon.
Le Alcyon, for Ditto.
American.—Cornelia, for Boston.
Portuguese.—Conde de Rio Pardo, for Macao.
Arab.—Monsoory, for Bussorah.
Futtay Sallum, for Ditto.

Calcutta.

ARRIVALS.—March 4, Ship Eliza, A. Dixon, from London 16th August, Madeira, and Cape of Good Hope 7th December.—Ditto Zenobia, D. Wilson, from Rangoon 14th February—Ditto Asia Felix, G. Jellico, from Arracan 17th February—Ditto Eliza, G. Cuthbertson, from Akyab 18th February.

March 5, H. C. Steam Vessel Enterprise, J. H. Johnston, from Rangoon 27th February—Ship Lady Macnaghten, E. F. Hemer, from Cheduba 21st February—Ditto Fergusson. W. Coates, from Arracan 18th February—Ditto Edward Strettell, R. Craw, from Arracan 18th February—Arab Ship Ahmid Bux, B. D'Souza, from Jaffnapatam 11th February.

March 6, Ship Hashmy, James Smith, from Madras 24th February—Ditto Moira, J. O'Brien, from Rangoon 17th February—Ditto James Colvin, James Pritchard, from Chittagong 27th February.

Passengers per Eliza, from London—Mrs. Ellen Murphy and Mrs. E. Munro, returning to their Husbands; Mr. J. M. Drake, Cadet; Mr. Joseph Worrell, Assistant Surgeon.

Per Zenobia, from Rangoon.—Lieutenants Hands and Fraser, of the Madras Army.

Per Asia Felix, from Arracan:—Major Skardon, 40th Regiment B. N. I. Commanding the Troops on Board; Captain Haslam, 40th Regt. B. N. I.; Lieutenant Robertson, 1st Grenadier Battalion, on Sick Certificate; Quarter Master S. Pakes, B. N. I.; 232 Men of the 40th Regiment, including Followers.

Per Eliza, from Akyab:—Colonel Murray, Commanding 40th Regiment B. N. I.; Captain Hewitt, 40th Regiment B. N. I.; Lieutenant Margrave, Ditto; Lieutenant Oldfield, Ditto, 264 Sepoys and Followers of the B. N. I.

Per Edward Strettell, from Arracan:—Lieutenant Vanrenon, 40th Regt. B N. I.; Dr. R. F. Walsh; Dr. Birmingham; 160 Native Troops, Sick, and Hospital Establishment.

Per Fergusson, from Arracan:—Mr. Templer, Merchant; and Two Invalid Serjeants.

Per H. C. Steam Vessel Enterprise, from Rangoon:—Mrs. Campbell; Miss [illegible] Captain Lihou; Captain Campbell; [illegible] Murray, 47th Regt.; Lieutenant Mon[illegible] of the Royals; Mr. Fleming, Flotilla S[illegible]

Per Lady Macnaghten from Cheduba:—[illegible] Rawlins, of the Bengal Artillery, Mr. Ra[illegible] Mariner; Mr. Pereira, Writer; 37 Nati[illegible] the Flotilla, Sick.

Passengers per James Colvin from Chittagong:—Mrs. J. T. Talbert; Mrs. W. Glasgow, Master W. Glasgow and Mr. Alexander Horne, Ensign, 62d B. N. I.

DEPARTURES.—March 2. Ship *Carnarvon*, Charles Penberthy, for London via St. Helena.

March 3. Schooner *Leith*, *D.* Glass, for the Estward.

March 4. American Brig *Homer*, W. Foster, for Beverly.

March 5. American Brig *Hampton*, Joseph Garrish, for Philadelphia.

Madras.

ARRIVALS.—March 17th, Brig Theodore, Captain Langlois, from Mauritius 12th January, and Pondicherry 16th March.

Do. Ship Lady of the Lake, Captain E. Martin, from Calcutta 25th February.

DEPARTURES.—March 11th, Ship Fairlie, Captain J. Short, for Calcutta.

March 15th, Schooner Marianna, Captain Mitchell, for the Northern Ports and Calcutta.

Do. Schooner Fly, Captain G. Andrie, for the Malabar Coast and Bombay.

16th, Ship Wellington, Captain Evans, to London.

Do. Brig Holly Lutchemy, Captain W. Raymond, for Colombo.

Marriages, Births and Deaths.
Bombay.

BIRTH.—At Mahbleswur, on the 19th March, the Lady of Lieutenant Colonel Briggs, Resident at Sattara, of a Son.

Calcutta.

MARRIAGES.—At Calcutta, on the 1st March, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend Mr. Eales, Samuel Henry Hutchins, Esq. Indigo Planter, to Miss Jane Willcox.

At Calcutta, on the 4th March, by the Reverend Ter Johaness, Mr. A. Abraham, to Anne, eldest Daughter of P. A. Charter, Esq.

At Barrackpore, on the 2d March, by the Reverend Mr. Henderson, at the House of Captain J. H. Currie, Major of Brigade, Lieutenant Clement Gillespie Macan, Adjutant of the 16th Regiment Native Infantry, to Harriett Augusta, third Daughter of Henry Williams, Esq.

BIRTHS.—At Calcutta, on the 2d March, Mrs. James Mackintosh, Hasting's-street, of a Son.

At Calcutta, on the 2d March, the Lady of Captain R. W. Smith, 6th Regiment Bengal Cavalry, of a Daughter.

At Calcutta, on the 4th March, the Lady of T. B. Swinhoe, Esq. of a Daughter.

DEATHS.—At Calcutta, on the 3d March, Captain Lawrence Good Murphy, late of the Ship *Isabella Robertson*, aged 41 years.

At Chowringhee, in Theatre Street, on the morning of Tuesday, the 28th February, Georgiana Maria, Daughter of J. B. Best, Esq. of the Civil Service, aged 7 months.

At Calcutta, on the 3d March, the infant Son of Mr. Joseph Empson, aged 3 years and 12 days.

At Calcutta, on the 4th March, Lieutenant Col. V. Blacker, C. B. Surveyor General of India, aged 48 years.

At Calcutta, on the 27th February, at the House of her Mother, Mrs. Major Nicholson, of a violent billious attack and inflammation, Miss Jane Eliza Maclean.

Madras

[illegible]E.—At Quilon, on the 1st of March, [illegible]rend C. Jeaffreson, Mr. George Har[illegible] Assistant Missionary, to Miss Mar[illegible]y, eldest Daughter of Mr. Thomas [illegible] Overseer in the Commissariat De[illegible]

[illegible] Black Town, on Thursday, the 2d [illegible]fe of Mr. Peter Carstairs, of a Son.

DEATH.—At Trichinopoly, on the 5th instant, to the great grief of her afflicted parents, Ann Hamilton, only Daughter of Captain Fulton, Deputy Assistant Quarter Master Genl. Southern Division aged one year and ten months.

At New Town, on Sunday, the 12th instant, after a short and lingering illness, supported with much fortitude and Christian resignation, Mr. Peter Deceles, aged 47 years, leaving a Widow and an only Son to lament the loss of an affectionate Husband and loving Father.

At Pursoovankum, on Tuesday last, the 14th instant, after a short but painful illness, Mr. William Fiott Gepp, Clerk in the Government Bank, aged thirty one years and some months; leaving a Widow and two young Children, together with a circle of relatives and acquaintance, to deplore the loss of a much esteemed individual.

" Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
" That struts and frets his hour, upon the stage,
" And then is heard no more !"

CEYLON.

MARRIAGES.—At Colombo, on Monday, the 13th February, George Hutchison, Esq. of His Majesty's 16th Regiment, Aid De Camp to the Lieutenant General Commanding the Forces, to Clara Georgiana, 5th Daughter of Henry Williams. Esq.

On the 13th Feb. at St. Paul's Church, Colombo, by the Revd. A. Armour, Colonial Chaplain, Mr. Lambert William Van Bouren, to Miss Anna Johanna Stephen.

DEATH.—At the House of her Father Vincent William Vanderstraaten, Esq. Register of the Supreme Court of judicature, on Thursday, the 16th February, at 12 o'clock noon, Miss Petronella Wilhelmina Vanderstraaten, his eldest Daughter, aged 27 years and 2 months.

EUROPE.

BIRTHS.—Of Sons: At Beddington, Surrey, Lady Helen Wedderburn.—In Lower Brook-street, the Lady of Dr. Holland.—At Belle Vue, near Seven Oaks, the Lady of Henry Streathfield, junior, Esq.—In Hunter-Street, Mr. Edward Browne.—In Gower-street, Bedford square, the Lady of Geo. G. Hill, Esq.—At Titchfield, Hants, the Lady of Thomas Naghten. Esq. (son still-born).—In Gower-street, the Lady of Jacob Mould, Esq.—At Brixton, the Lady of James Taylor Esq. of Furnival's Inn.—At Naples, the Lady of Earl Compton.—In New Norfolk-street, Park-lane, the Lady of the Rev. Edward Serocold Pearce.—At Walthamstow, the Lady of Samuel Dobree, jun. Esq.—In Upper Seymour-street, the Lady Hugh F. Sandeman, Esq.—At Hackney, the Lady of G. W. Mucurardo, Esq.—At Blackheath, the Lady of the Hon. Wm. Cust.—The wife of L. J. Lemoine, a carpenter, living at 39, in the Fauxbourg St. Anthony, Paris, gave brith, on the 29th of July last, to two children, a boy and girl. On the 3d of August she had another boy: and finally, on the 5th instant, a fourth child, which was also a boy. The four died immediately after their birth.

OF DAUGHTERS: At Reading the Lady of Adolphus Wm. Hume, Esq.—In May-place. Kent, the Lady of J. P Burnett, Esq.—At Barnet, the Lady of Mr. Mathias.—In Great James-Street. Bedford-row. the Lady of Geo. Waugh, jun. Esq.—In Hamilton-place, the Countess Gower.

MARRIED.—At St. George's Hanover-square, John Jacob Buxton, Esq. M. P. for Great Bodwin, only son of Sir Robert John Buxton, Bart, of Shadwell Lodge in Norfolk, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart, M. P. for Grantham.—At Cuckfield, Sussex, Alfred R. Cocker, Esq. of Nassau-street, Soho-square, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Waller, Esq. of Cuckfield.—By the Lord Bishop of Norwich, George Heald, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Emma, daughter of S. Stafford Southwell, Esq. of Wraxham Hall, Norfolk.—George Kinnear, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Barclay, of Leicester-square.—At Brighton, the Rev. W. S. Carey, M. A. Vicar of Ashburton, Devon, to Eliza Caroline, second daughter of the late Richard Schneider, Esquire, of Putney, Surrey.—At Streatham church, Richard Till Esq. of Guildhall buildings, to Sarah Helena, second daughter of George Henry Trimbey, Esq. of Balliamhall,—At Harrow-on-the-Hill, George Wood, Esq. of Hanger hill, to Mary, eldest daughter of Charles Hamilton, Esq. of Sudbury-grove.—At St. Paul's church, Deptford, Henry Thornton, second son of John Thornton, Esq. of Bath, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Hughes, Esq.—At Battersea, Mr. George Josiah Palmer, Piccadilly, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of John Hatchard, Esq. of Clapham-common.—At St. Michael's, Wood-street, Mr. J. H. Maw, of Aldermanbury, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Johnson, commercial assay master, Maiden-lane, Wood-street.—At Westminster, John Gurney Fry, Esq. of Flasket house, Essex, to Rachael, third daughter of J. Foster Reynolds Esq. of south Lambeth.—Wm Flexman Vowler, Esq of Stoke Newington, to Ann, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus Smith, Esq. of Hornsey lane.—At Walcot church, Bath, Lieutenant-Colonel Bourne, to Anna, second daughter of Samuel Lane, Esq. of Marlborough buildings, Bath.—At St. Luke's, Chelsea, the Reverend Charles Grant, LL. B. Vicar of West Basham, Norfolk, to Caroline Mary, only daughter of the late Chas. Grœme, jun. Esq. Judge of Purneah, Bengal.—At Rusper, Sussex, George Appold, Esq. to Maria, the only daughter of Alexander Silman, Esq. of Rusper House.—At Dorchester. Mr. Henry Wilmot, to Miss Jane Vich, both of that place.—At Banbury, Mr. W. King, of Farnborough, to Miss Gulliver, of Banbury.—At Lympston, Devon, Major Charles Collis, to Emily Jane, only daughter of Geo. Wheatly Ridsdale, Esq., and niece to the late Right Hon. William Windham.—At Perth, Major Todd, of Castle Bank, to Miss Majory Bisset, eldest daughter of Mrs. Bisset, of Marshal place.—William Horley of Hoddesdon Esq. to Jane, only daughter of the late Wm. Capper Esq.—At Plymouth, Mr. Wm. May, of Islington, to Miss Mary Olivia Beckford, of the former place.—At St. Margaret's Church, Wesminster, Lieut. Colonel Whish, Artillery, (Bombay Establishment), to Frances Hill, eldest daughter of Hannibal Sandys, Esq. of Great Queen-street, Westminster.—At the Parish church of Mary la-bonne, Wm. Sandford, Esq. of Chessington Lodge, to Agnes, third daughter of John Ewart, Esq. of Edinburgh.—At Mary la bonne Church, G. Manders, Esq. of the Portuguese Embassy, to Emily, youngest daughter of Admiral Stone, of his Majesty's service.—At Broxbourn, Herts, C. J. Beart, of Yarmouth, Esq. to Miss Putvens, of Burtonstreet, Tavistock square.—At Brixton, J. E. Pember, Esq. of the Stock Exchange, to Miss Davey, of Tunbridge.

DIED.—At Grandpont, Berks, aged 81, Sir William Elias Taunton Kent, Town Clerk of the city of Oxford, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of that country.—At the Albany, after a short and severe illness, in his 32d year, Sir Frederick Henniker, of Newton Hall, Essex, Bart., and Colonel of the Essex Local Militia.—At Hammersmith, Mrs. Lucy Van, formerly of Lawrence, Monmouth.—In the 47th year of his age, Michael Angustus Hely Hutchinson Donoughmore Nickson, Esq. first cousin to the Earl of Donoughmore and to Lord Hutchinson.—At Ellisborough, in the county of Bucks, aged thirty-seven, the Rev. John Leveson Hamilton, eldest son of the late Vice Admiral Thos. Hamilton, and Rector of the above parish.—At the Sanctuary, Westminster, the Rev. E. Smedley, M. A. in the 75th year of his age. At Turnham Green, Mrs. Leach, aged 75. Suddenly, at Margate, having ruptured a blood vessel, Mr. P. King, of Limehouse, aged 50. M. S. Browne, Esq. second son of Sir J. E. Browne, Bart. of Holes-street, Dublin. At Grosvenor-row, Chelsea, Mrs. M. Gibson, aged 82. At Great Queen-street, P. Ludgate, Esq. aged 77, one of the Magistrates of the county of Middlesex. At Melbourn, Cambridge, aged 55, the Rev. W. Carver. At Great Brick hill, Bucks, W. H. Hanmer, Esq. aged 65. After a procrastinated illness, at his residence, North-side, Clapham-common, Thomas Newton, Esq. of Warwick-square. He was many years agent to the provincial press, and a man highly respected by a numerous circle of friends, by whom his loss will long be severely felt and deeply lamented. At the Marine Parade, Brighton, John Meyer, M. D. of Broad-street-buildings, London. At Canterbury, Lieutenant-General Desborough, of the Royal Marines, aged 66. Mr. John Wilson, Miles-lane, Cannon-street, in his 50th year. At Fairfield, near Liverpool, Edward Falkner, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and Receiver-General for the county of Lancaster, aged 75. In Edinburgh, Lady Dalzell, relict of the late Sir Dalzell, Bart. of Binns. At Clifton, Thomas, second son of James Chaplyn, Esq. of Little Hadham, Herts.—At her house, in the Minister Yard, York, in the 96th year of her age. Mary, relict of Colonel Roger Morris.—At Hythe, Mrs. Morris, of Brunswick square.—In Chiswell street, in the 33d year of his age, Thomas, eldest son of Michael Bland, Esq. of Montague place, Russell-square.—At Kensington Gravel-pits, Mrs. Callcott,—In her 36th year, four days after the birth of her ninth child, Mrs. G. B. Child, Esq. of Fillingham, near Lincoln.—Richard Lang, jun. Esq. of Rood Aston, Wilts.—Miss Mary Hay, of Russel square.

CALCUTTA.

Political Department, 6th March 1826.

The following Copy of a Despatch from Major General Sir ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, K. C. B, is published for general information.

To GEORGE SWINTON, Esq.

Secretary to Government in the Secret and Political Department, &c. &c. &c.

Head Quarters, Pakan-gay, 4th Feb. 1826.

SIR,—The laborious duty of collecting and destroying the Enemy's Artillery and Stores together with a heavy fall of rain, prevented my leaving Patanagoh with the Division of the Force, before the morning of the 25th ultimo. We have since advanced 85 miles into the Enemy's Country, and generally speaking, over very bad roads, without having occasion to fire a shot, with the exception of a very daring and gallant charge made by a reconnoitring party of the Right Honorable the Governor General's Body Guard, under the Command of Lieutenant Trant, and Subadar Major Quazee Wallee Mahomed, upon a considerable body of the Enemy's Infantry. The particulars of which, I have the honor herewith to enclose. The Chief killed, is now ascertained to nave been Maung-toung-bo a Commander, who was the terror of his countrymen from his cruel disposition. We are now opposite to Sembem ghewn, where, and at Challeen, the Enemy had strong posts watching the road from Arracan, but evacuated those defences on our approach, and are now concentrating at Pagham-mew what Force they can.

I have, &c.

(Signed) ARCHD. CAMPBELL,
Major-General

Watmachaote, 30th January 1826.

To Lieut.-Col. TIDY C. B.

Deputy Adjutant General.

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,—I have the honor to acquaint you for the information of the Commander of the Forces, that having been directed by the Deputy Quarter Master General to recennoitre the road in advance, I proceeded this morning, accompanied by an escort of thirty-four men of the Governor General's Body Guard, Commanded by Subadar Major Kajee Balie Mahommud, in the direction of Yaynaugheaun, and marched for ten miles without seeing any appearance of the Enemy.

At this distance I observed a small Picket of Burman Cavalry rapidly retreating, and conceiving them to be detached from the Force under Montaung-bo, I thought, that by intercepting them, we might approach the Burman Camp undiscovered. We therefore pursued them as rapidly as the nature of the country would admit, for about two miles, and at the same time they entered a small valley, surrounded by steep hillocks, where between 400 and 500 Burmahs, well armed with muskets, were bivouacked.

These were immediately charged by the Body Guard, who, pressing on the crowd, sabred or shot about fifty men, amongst whom was a Chief of rank (supposed to be Montaung-bo) and completely dispersed the remainder, part taking refuge in their boats, and others running to the hills, where the acclivity was so great that we could not pursue them. Finding this to be the case, about 100 men, recovering from the panic into which they had been thrown, took post on the crest and side of the hill, and from thence kept a sharp, but most ineffectual fire of Jinjals and Musketry, by which I am happy to say only one man and a horse were wounded; but as I perceived their numbers were increasing, and that several men had been detached to our rear, apparently with the view of annoying us when returning, I thought it prudent to retire.

The Body Guard behaved with their usual gallantry, and the coolness, zeal, and courage manifested by Subadar Major Kajee Balie Mahommed made him so very conspicuous during the affair, that I trust I may not be considered presumptuous in bringing his conduct to the notice of the Commander of the Forces.

I have, &c.

(Signed) T. A. TRANT, *Lt. 95th Foot,*
Dy. Asst. Qr. Mr. Gen.

True Copy

(Signed) F. S. TIDY,
Lt. Col. Dy. A. G.

Published by Command of the Right Honorable the Governor General in Council,

GEO. SWINTON, *Secy. to Govt.*

At a late hour on Saturday, the *Enterprise* Steam Packet came in from Rangoon the 27th February, bringing Despatches from Sir ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL up to the 4th ultimo. She had been detained for Despatches of a later date, but these had not arrived at the time of her departure, and it was generally supposed, that the dawk boat had been cut off. We are, therefore, left to private advices for the proceedings of the Army subsequent to the date of those Despatches which are given above.

The Army marched from Patanagoh on the 25th January, advancing by roads of the worst description and through a sterile barren country, yielding scarcely a blade of grass. On the 31st of January, Head-Quarters were at Yay-nan-gheon, or Earth Oil Creek, where are the celebrated Petroleum-walls. The air of that region is mephitic and unwholesome in the highest degree, and the smell of the fires lighted with the wood which grows upon it, is said to be quite intolerable. The Army halted at Pakang Ye, a little above Sem-bew-gheon, from the 4th to the 6th ultimo: at that point fine open plains were observed stretching from the river inland for 30 or 40 miles to the foot of the Arracan mountains. The attack by a party of the Body Guard, 34 strong, under the Command of Lieutenant TRANT, of a body of the Burmese, 500 in number, is spoken of in terms of high admiration in all private accouuts; and the men are said to have behaved nobly. The scene of the encounter was a hollow plain, bounded by the river to the west, and a chain of hills steep and rocky, with walled Pagodas on their summits, to the North, and Ravines to the East.

The capture of Melloon had occasioned a much greater sensation at Ava than any other event since the commencement of the War, arising from two causes,—the confidence of the Enemy in the great strength of the place, and its proximity to the Capital. Shortly after the intelligence reached the Court, Dr. Price, the American Missionary, and Dr. Sandford of the Royals, were summoned to the Palace, and asked, if they would go to the English Camp: their answer in the affirmative was carried to the King, by the Minister of the Interior, when after, some messages to and from the Lotoo, they were despatched, for the purpose of ascertaining the lowest terms which the British Commissioners were willing to grant, and at the same time expressing the King's sincere desire for peace. Dr. Sandford visited the British Camp on his Parole of honour. The King having asked what security he should have for his return, was assured by Dr. Price, that the most implicit reliance might be placed on the word of a British Officer. These gentlemen reached Head-quarters on the 31st January, and after conferring with the British Commissioners returned to Ava on the 1st ultimo; Dr. Price expressing the most sanguine hope that the War was about to close. We understand that the principal modification in the terms offered to the Burmese related to the amount of the first instalment. Twenty-five Lacks were now demanded to be paid down, and other articles of the treaty to be executed as the condition of the army retiring to Rangoon, and on the payment of a second instalment of the same amount, the early evacuation of the country was promised. The ability of the King and Queen to pay a much higher sum than has been required, from their own Coffers, is now ascertained beyond all question.

Dr. Price delivered up 4 Prisoners of war sent down from Ava by the King, viz. 3 British Soldiers, and the Master of the Gun vessel, which ran into Martaban by mistake, in May 1824.—It appears, that Mr. Sutherland, master of a small vessel which touched at the Arracan coast to take in water, at the breaking out of the War, and Mr. MacGregor, a Sutler, both died in prison at Ava.

The late intercourse between our Officers, and Europeans who have resided for sometime at the Capital, has brought to light much curious and important information regarding the state of feelings and affairs at Ava, and also respecting the views and conduct of the Government previous to the breaking out of the War. Amongst other things it is stated, that the memory of the late Bundoolah is execrated throughout the country, as, although his talents and generalship are acknowledged, he is considered to have been the principal author of the War. A few months previous to the declaration of hostilities, a formal conference was held between the King and the Maha Bundoolah relative to the number of Troops that would be required for the conquest of Bengal. Bundoolah stated, that H. M. was the greatest monarch on earth, and that he could send one hundred thousand armed men, a force which, in his opinion, would be fully adequate to the undertaking. War was accordingly determined on, and Fetters of Gold were actually sent with the Invading Army, which was to advance from the side of Arracan to Chittagong, to conduct the Head of the British Government a captive to Ava. It was generally understood, that the King would be far more reluctant, than had previously been supposed, to leave his Palace and Capital on the approach of the British Troops, and retire to the Jungles, &c. Native report was, that he would abdicate in favour of his son, to avoid signing, in person, a humiliating Treaty with the Strangers.

The Army arrived at Pagahm-mew on the 9th, and found the Enemy drawn up on the plain to receive them, confiding, apparently, in their Cavalry, in which they were more than usually strong. Sir A. CAMPBELL was himself in advance with H. M. 13th, and the Burmese made a movement to cut him off. Having fallen back on the main force however, the action became general. The Cavalry, which it is said was headed by an European in the dress of an Officer, made some bold advances, but were kept at a distance by a few shells—the resistance of the main body was at first resolute, and although they soon broke, they kept up a running fight for about an hour, in which they suffered severely—many were drowned in the attempt to escape across the river: our loss was inconsiderable—not more than two killed, and Captain Tornson of the 13th King's, was slightly wounded.—Immediately after the action Pagahm-mew fell into our hands. It is described as a mass of Pagodas six miles round.—The following General Order was issued by the Commander in Chief:

"*G. O. Pagam-Mew, 9th February,* 1826.

"Providence has once more blessed with success the British Arms in this Country, and in the decisive defeat of the imposing Force, posted under and within the walls of Pagam-Mew, the Major General recognizes a fresh display of the Military Virtues, which have characterized the troops from the commencement of this War—Early on this day the enemy departing from the Cautious system of defence behind field works and entrenchments which forms their usual device of War, and relying on their numerical Superiority and singular advantages of ground, ventured on a succession of bold manœuvres on the flanks and fronts of the British columns—This false confidence has been rebuked by a reverse, severe, signal and disastrous.—Their troops at either Arm were repelled at every point, and their

masses driven in confusion within their City. The Storm of Pagam-Mew which followed exhibited the same features of intrepidity and self devotion.—The frequency of these acts of spirited Soldiership on the part of his troops, renders it difficnlt for the Major General to vary the terms of his Praise, but he offers to every Officer and Soldier enged this day, the tribute of his thanks, at once with the affection of a Commander and cordiality of a Comrade."

The army was to move from Pagam-mew on the 14th, and would reach Ava, it was calculated, in 15 or 20 days at most. According to the table in the Lithographic Map, the distance is 153 miles—It is not improbable, therefore, that at this moment our Troops occupy the Burman Capital.

Colonel Shower had arrived at Sheeghewn on the 6th, and had obtained an ample supply of Cattle. The country in the nighbourhood is also said to produce abundant grain. The Colonel expected to be at Shembew-gewn on the 9th. Colonel Blair, with H. M.'s 87th, had been sent against the post of Mewlalain, which, although strong, was abandoned on his approach: a few shots were fired by the retiring parties of the Enemy, by which two men were killed and four wounded. Ensign Clarke, at Miene, had been attacked by a strong Division, which was gallantly repulsed.

The Ex-Raja of Martaban had collected a force of some strength and was plundering the neighbourhood of Pegu: the force with Col. Pepper being insufficient to chastise him, Col. Nixon had been sent to reinforce him with the 1st Madras Infantry and 4 Companies of His Majesty's 45th. He is not likely to find adherents amongst the people of the Country, who were filled with the greatest alarm at the idea of being restored to their former masters: the renewal of the war is to them a subject of universal congratulation.

[*Govt. Gaz. March* 9.

Further Particulars.

The following is the substance of the various other accounts received by the *Enterprize* as far as we could collect them. It may be considered as perfectly authentic.

The Steam Vessel arrived at Rangoon on the 17th February, five days after her departure from Calcutta. Despatches had been received there, from Sir A. Campbell, bringing accounts of the arrival at Head Quarters on the 31st January of Doctor Sandford and Mr. Price, an American Missionary, who had been sent on their Parole, by the King of Ava, to know, on what terms Sir Archibald would consent to peace and entreating him for a suspension of hostilities. They were despatched to Ava the next day with Sir Archibald's answer, that he would not advance farther than Pagahm Mew until after the 12th, and if the treaty was not ratified by that time he would continue his march, nor halt until he reached Ava.

Sir A. Campbell did not then reckon on reaching Pagahm Mew, before the 12th, but on consideration he deemed it adviseable to make two forced marches, and on the 9th after a fatiguing march of twenty miles, he appeared before the Town, and there fought the first fair field fight with the Burmese, which has terminated so gloriously for us. He then, without loss of time, stormed and captured the Town, the enemy making scarce any resistance. Considerable plunder, forty Brass Cannon, and about a hundered Jingals, rewarded our troops for their exertions and bravery. It appears the enemy, trusting in their Cavalry, which was very numerous, did not confine themselves to Stockade fighting as they have hitherto done, but formed in good order on the Plain. Sir Archibald himself, was in advance with H. M. 13th which the Burmah Chiefs perceiving, made a judicious movement, for the purpose of surrounding him, but Sir Archibald fell back for support and the main body coming up, the route became universal: one strong division formed again on the banks of the river, but were charged and pushed into it, with the point of the boyonet. The action and storm were short, sharp and decisive, and what must make the victory doubly gratifying is, that although our opponents cannot have lost less than 500 men, in killed and drowned, we have had only two privates killed, and not a single officer hurt!

Lieutenant Front, of the Surveying department, was in advance of the army, on the look out at Billeen, with 30 men of the Body Guard when he fell in with Mar-wyn-boo, and a thousand men. He attacked them without hesitation, killed two of their chiefs and took fifty prisoners; the remainder dispersed confusedly.

Letters from Prome dated the 21st February, had been received at Rangoon, stating that the river was crowded with boats filled with people, flying from the Burmah dominions.

Merchants coming from the neighbourhood of the camp said, that the Army had advanced into a new country, of which no notice is taken in the maps, at least it is left nameless. It was reported and believed, that a determined stand would be made, at a pass between Pangahm Mew and Ava, and that the routed army would be there reinforced by a People, whom we have not yet combated, and who wish much to see our mode of warfare. It is to be hoped that our brave fellows will give them a specimen, which will entirely relieve their anxiety on this head.

Accounts had been received from Colonel Shower, dated Seewghewn 6th Feb. in which he gives a most excellent account of his successes in foraging, and of the fertility of the country in his neighbourhood, which yielded the most luxuriant crops of rice, &c. He had already taken 500 Bullocks, and expected to be in Shemboghewn on the 9th.

Colonel Blair and H. M. 87th had been detached to dislodge Mew-la-layn from a stockaded fortress, where he was said to be posted with 8,000 men. Upon his arrival he found the place was extremely strong, but the panic-struck enemy had abandoned it, leaving only their Picquets behind, who firing at random, hastened after their comrades, on the approach of our troops. Unfortunately our men were so close to them that their fire, hurried as it was, killed one Pioneer and wounded four Privates.

Colonel Pepper had written to say, that he was annoyed by the Ex-Rajah of Martaban, who with his son had collected a body of men, amounting to 9000 in the neighbourhood of Pegu and Tongho, and let slip no opportunity of making incursions on the villages, and plundering the inhabitants. Owing to the weakness of his own detachment, Col. Pepper was unable to protect the villagers, but on the accounts arriving at Head Quarters, Colonel Nixon and the 1st Madras Infantry, and 4 Companies of H. M.'s 45th had been sent to his assistance; with the help of this reinforcement, it was expected that he would at all events keep the Ex-Rajah quiet, until his party could be further strengthened.

An attack had been made at Mecue, on an Ensign Clarke, by a numerous body of the enemy, whom he repulsed with great slaughter, and in the most gallant style.

Thus we see our arms have invariably prevailed and wherever an attack has been determined on, complete success followed. We will not indulge in conjectures, respecting the issue of Doctor Sandford's and Mr. Price's pacificatory endeavours, but, we think it probable that the Burman Monarch will condense the entire of his forces, and make one more struggle for his Kingdom, no doubt can be entertained for the result, and we look forward with certainty and pleasure to the time, when we shall greet the return of our victorious friends.

It was reported that the King and Queen with the Prince Sarrawaddi had retired to Ummeera poora.

Beng. Hurk. March 6.

The general tenor of our intelligence proves the increasing prosperity of Great Britain. The revenue continues to increase notwthstanding the large reduction made in the Taxes, and the amount of duties remitted. The Quarterly account had not been made up, aut it was understood that in the customs alone, there would be an increase for the last quarter of *one hundred and sixty thousand pounds*, making a total a increase for the three first quarters of 1825, of *five hundred and twenty thousand pounds*, exclusive of all transferred duties. A more forcible proof of the wisdom of the liberal system of commercial policy, now adopted by our Ministry, could not be given. The Silk Manufacturers it seems have taken the alarm, at the competition of French and Indian goods which they expect in July next, and are petitioning for an extension of time. On what principle their request can be granted, we are at a loss to imagine, as it had already been proved to the satisfaction of Government, as stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that foreign silks can, at all times, be smuggled into England for 25 per cent. therefore, the new duty of 30 per cent. is at least an equal protection, and a manufacture that cannot be carried on with such a protection ought most certainly to be abandoned. The Tea Monopoly is beginning to excite public attention, which has been drawn to it by several of the public journals, and amongst others by a very able paper in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, generally understood to have been written by a gentleman whose local situation enabled him to become extremely well informed on the subject; the eagle in the fable was shot by an arrow feathered from his own wing. It was understood that petitions were preparing in all the large towns requesting Government to compel the East India Company to put up for sale a larger supply. The law requiring them to keep the price of tea on a level with that of the Continent is clear, distinct and positive, though, we believe, that since the peace of 1814, the price in England (without reckoning the duty) has always been from 50 to 100 per cent, higher than in the opposite ports of the continent. That such a system can long be suffered to continue, in the present state of public opinion is impossible, and then what is to become of the equally gigantic and equally indefensible West India Monopoly, the removal of which, would be the greatest boon ever conferred upon British India.

The morning Chronicle of the 11th October, contains a report that the Russians had

declared war against the Turks and already commenced hostilities by passing the Pruth. The Chronicle states that it possesses no means of ascertaining whether the report was well or ill founded. Judging from what we know of the previous state of continental affairs, we do not hesitate to declare our utter disbelief of this intelligence. Such an event would unquestionably decide the independance of Greece, but probably not without disturbing the tranquillity of all Europe.

The *Calcutta* Swedish Ship had arrived at Cowes bringing the latest advices from Bengal to the 10th June last.—*Bengal Hurkaru, March* 9.

EUROPE.

The arrival of Lord Cochrane is now fixed to take place on the 20th instant---if, with the intention of returning to the Brazils, his Lordship will probably be disappointed of proceeding immediately, as it appears the crew of the Piranga have nearly all deserted the Brazilian service. Sixty of them came on shore here, in a body, on Thursday last. The causes of their dissatisfaction are probably stated in the following letter, which was written by one of them previous to the strike. Such is the attention now paid to the condition, character and comforts of British seamen employed in our ships of war, that we cannot but view every such individual who engages himself in the service of a foreign nation, as not possessing the manly and open character, and true *corps d'esprit* of a genuine British seaman :---

"Piranga, Sunday, Oct. 2, 1825.

"As a British seaman I take the liberty of addressing you with these lines, and likewise on behalf of my shipmates, who have been in the service of the Emperor. Lord Cochrane has brought us to our native shore, where we would wish for to go, but after toiling and fighting for their service, wheree many of us have bled in their cause, we cannot get any rumuneration, but baffled every time we ask for our wages and prize money; we think that British seamen in time of peace, can sail in any service which they please, and now we would wish to leave this frigate. We have no security for payment, therefore we hope and trust, through our former merit against the enemies of this country, you will do something in our behalf, and relieve us from the greatest tyranny, cruelty, and oppression, that can be exercised over British seamen. If you will speedily do something for us, it will be the means of saving bloodshed. Our provisions have been stopped this afternoon, we have no money, and many of us are several miles from home, and poorly clothed. For you to see forty or fifty British seamen going on shore, ragged, and destitute from this vessel would be no honour to Lord Cochrane, after all his exploits in the South Sea. If it is not in your power to do any thing, we hope you will acquaint the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, We are not bound to stay any longer, therefore we are all determined to leave her; we will not do any thing that would disgrace the character of British seamen."

The Thetis, 46, Sir John Phillimore, will sail the moment the wind moderates, for Naples, at which place the Right Hon. Stratford Canning, Ambassador to the Ottoman Empire, Lady, and personal domestics, will embark, to Constantinople.---Colonel Burnett, Mr. Scarlett, and Mr. Buchanan, of the diplomatic department, Mr. Pisiane. Professor of Oriental Languages, and Mr. Pargello, of the Ionian service, embarked here yesterday, with Sir J. Phillimore, in the Thetis.

Captain Fitzclarence is appointed to the North Star, 28, at Woolwich.---*Hamp Tel.*---*Morn. Chron. Oct.* 10.

Awful Thunder Storm.

On Friday morning last, about two o'clock, this town was visited by one of the most awful thunder storms ever experienced here. Two-claps, in particular, were most terrific, and made the stoutest heart tremble. The first occurred at a quarter before two o' clock.

—"When mankind were wrapt in sleep,
And worldly Fancy fed on golden dreams,"

The thunder burst forth with the most sublime, yet terrific grandeur. The clap was so loud that it awoke almost every inhabitant. We have heard the peal compared to the sudden crash of falling houses; but it resembled more the discharge of a heavy piece, or rather of pieces, of ordnance immediately under your window. The lightning which preceded the second peal was so vivid as to deprive of sight, for a few moments, any one who had the temerity to gaze upon its dazzling and appalling brightness. It was just as if a glowing sheet of flame had been passed before the eye of the beholder The whole town was seen, as in the blaze of the meridian sun. The Town of Liverpool steam-packet was on her passage from Dublin at the time; and the captain describes the lightning as having been the most awful and terrific he ever beheld. The thunder immediately broke forth, not with a rumbling noise, as during ordinary thunderstorms, but in one loud, tremendous clap, shaking the very buildings to their foundations; and striking terror and dismay into all who heard it. The rain, during this time, descended in torrents. The lightning which succeeded the second terrific clap, was but weak, compared with the sublime grandeur of the flash by which it was preceded. The thunder also became feeble, and soon muttered and died away in the distance. As is usual after any awful visitation of nature, a variety of rumours of the damage produced by this storm of thunder and lightning were in circulation; but we have not learnt that any very serious injury, as respects either person or property, has been sustained in the town or neigbourhood. A respectable man, who lives in a street leading from St. James's street to Wapping, states that he was awake before and during the storm. His bed room window commands. a rather extensive view to the north and north west. He says, that, the window-blind being drawn up, he saw, the instant the second terrific flash took place, something resembling a ball of fire, about as large as a foot-ball, come over Sparling-sreet, in the direction of his house. He trembled with a-fright, conceiving that he could not escape the swift destruction which was approaching. The house, which stands alone, slightly but preceptibly vibrated as the electric fluid passed by and the bed in which he lay, moved as if violently shaken. This awful phenomenon was also beheld by a person who lives on the opposite side of the street, and whose bedroom window commands a view in the same direction as the house of his neighbour. He had given the inmates up for lost, so convinced was he that the electric fluid from the direction in which he saw it approaching, would strike and destroy the opposite house. Fortunately, however, it passed over the building without causing any injury, and continued its course towards the south east. The Town-hall is, we believe, the only building that experienced even a slight injury. It must, apparently, have been enveloped in the electric fluid, which appears to have made the circuit of the dome within the stone balustrade, where there are four lead pipes at intervals to convey the water from the dome down upon the footwalk balustrade. About 6 inches from the bottom of this walk, the fluid appears to have gone wholly round close to the dome, and flattened each of the lead pipes, leaving the appearance as of a bullet, two inches diameter, having been forced between each pipe and the dome, then passed inside the lantern, and came out through the upper part of the window (breaking seven panes of glass) into Castle street. The sign of a public house in Great Crosshall street, has been discoloured, by the action, it is imagined, of the electric fluid. The iron work, to which an artificial bunch of grapes is suspended, was supposed to have been bent by the same powerful agency; but this appears a mistake, the bend having, it is evident, been made by the blacksmith who manufactured it.—*Liverpool Courier.*

Coroner's Inquest.---On Saturday last an Inquest was held at the sign of the Welch Harp, Public use, Market-Street, on the body of James Knoff who was found dead near the Sydney Market Warf, at an early hour on the previous day. The deceased, a respectable man, was in the employ of Messrs. Fopp and Thomson butchers, in the capacity of clerk. Verdict, Died by the Vigitation of God.

In his pocket were found the following lines:

To the purest of her sex, Elizabeth Knoff. By her husband.

Adieu to the hours of delight;
Adieu to the wife I adore;
With anguish I part from her sight,
To meet her with rapture no more.

Midst the tempest and rage of the deep,
Her name shall be daily my theme;
And at night when I sink into sleep,
Her image shall brighten my dream.

Where now for repose can I rove,
Ah, poor heart, thou wilt never be blest.
Alas! thou resemblest the dove
That found not a place for its nest.

Honor bids—ah! bids me depart,
And yield to her rigid decree;
Thou love, who possessest my heart,
Bids me stay to be happy with thee.

JAMES KNOFF,

Australian, July 28*th.*

While the Church at Chelmsford underwent repair, in consequence of the falling in of the steeple, Divine Service was performed in the Town Hall, which expedient gave rise to the following Epigram:

Whoever reads the Scriptures, there
The House of God became a D[illegible]
Who reads the "Chelmsford
there
A Den of Thieves beca[illegible]

The following lines were occasioned by the preceding : —

A Den of Thieves! where Justice holds her sway
Firm as a rock, and lucid as the day !
Where talents, to their noblest use applied,
Explain the cause, which Wisdom must decide.
Go; change the injurious epithet, and know,
From Laws our best security we owe ;
While Power Divine shall delegate the rod,
The Hall of Justice is the House of God.

FROM No. VII OF THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

ART. III. *Voyage d'un jeune Français en Angleterre et en Ecosse, pedant l' automne de* 1823. Par A. Blanqui. 8vo. 1825.

The book we are now going to notice is neither the work of a slanderer of our women, our institutions and our manners, like the famous performance of the Knight of the Hulks, alias the Chevalier Pillet; nor is it the production of an outrageous Anglomane, furious in defence of every thing English, for no other reason than because he misunderstands our language, and can misapply some misquoted passages, from our poetry: but it is the genuine effusion of a genuine Frenchman, sufficiently inclined to *libéralisme* of all kinds and equally disposed to regard with indulgence the barbarism of our customs, and with horror our treatment of his great idol Bonaparte. It is in short a publication, which will be looked upon in the French provinces, and among certain classes in the French capital itself, as *an authority* on the subject of England ; and it is on this account and because we know that it expresses the opinion of nine-tenths of the French, on the subject of English manners, that we shall notice it at so much length here.

The author's patriotic exultations about the glory of France, are interrupted in the 2nd page of his book by a violent fit of sea-sickness, occasioned partly by drinking tea "after the fashion of the English, who distil instead of infusing it;" partly by the smoke of the coal but chiefly by his seeing the sailors, "pitilessly roasting their large slices of beef-steak, dropping with blood and grease, in the sight of all the passengers." However, he arrives safely at Southampton, where his passport is "very civilly demanded by the officers of the Custom-house."

But we were soon destined to see, that civility costs *a good deal of money in this country*. A swarm of porters, all excessively polite, surrounded us on the quay, pulling us about in every direction: "Come this way!"—"No, come that way!" "You will find our inn very comfortable!" —"At our's you will find *a good stabling* [sic in orig.] genuine wine, *pretty* wine, neat wine, gentlemen!" [sic.] Knowing nothing of any of these inns, I abandoned myself to chance—so I went to the hotel of the *pretty wine* [a place rather difficult to find, we suspect, at Southampton], where I reposed myself from the fatigues of a voyage of 40 *leagues* in 50 *hours*.

'Every piece of politeness costs here a shilling, or thereabouts, and some cost a good deal more.

Three shillings for the boatman, who rowed us from the packet-boat to the shore—a shilling for the porter, who carried our baggage to the Custom-house, a few feet off—a shilling for carrying them back to the door of our hotel—a shilling more for *the girl*, who carries them up stairs : altogether this journey of 50 steps, costs as much as the journey from Paris to Chartres"—

[redacted]ter, however, soon gets over his [redacted]s, and disposed himself to ad[redacted] of Southampton. He is de[redacted]ents, the windows, of which the sashes throw up, instead of opening with clumsy iron bars (as they do and have done in France since the days of Francis the 1st), the shops, the gigs, the whiskeys, the tilburys, and even waggons. He is particularly astonished to find, that all the women, even of the lowest class, wear bonnets—and that a Frenchman on his arrival in England, is not called Mounseer Frog by the populace and the waiters. The latter on the contrary," says he, "at the hotel of the *pretty wine* where we lodged, were more polite towards us than towards the English : though these civilities were cruel, as we were obliged to pay them dear." —[p. 13.] At last the author is introduced, "avec le cérémonial inévitable, dans la salle á manger (*dining room.*)

'The dinner, without soup, consists of a raw and bloody beaf-steak plentifully powdered with pepper *and spices*, and covered with slices of horse-radish, similar, in *appearance* and size, to the chips which come from under the plane of the carpenter. The beef-steak is immediately followed by a plate or two of vegetables *in naturalibus*, that is to say, plain boiled : then a cruet-stand with five or six bottles, containing *certain drugs*, out of which you choose the ingredients necessary for giving some taste to the insipid mess. Sometimes a fowl succeeds these dishes *of the primitive ages* ; but the English themselves agree *that chickens with them are tougher than beef*, and therefore prefer *ducks*. I was thus enabled to understand, why our deck on quitting Havre was so crowded with French fowls. [We appeal to every one who has ever been in France, whether the flesh of French fowls does not resemble ivory in all but whiteness.] The dinner finishes with a heavy tart made of cherries, plums, or apples, according to the season—taking care always to leave the stones in them"—pp. 13, 14.

So much for the dinner—now for the wines and the dessert :

'The English have rather more variety in their drinks: the porter, the small beer, and the ale, *which is between the two, and better than either*. The wines in use are port, madeira, and sherry, which they drink always without water, though abundantly charged with brandy. From thence, perhaps, arises the bright scarlet complexions, injected with blue, and the carbuncled noses of almost all the English gastronomes. After the raw beef and patatoes were removed, we were consoling ourselves, in our absence from France by talking of its glory and its pleasures, when the waiter appeared with the dessert, consisting of an enormous cucumber, flanked with four raw onions bedded in watercresses : des gateaux *de plomp* (plumb cakes) worthy of their name, and what he called Chesshire cheese. As the sight of these preparations for poisoning us, we all deserted the table. Let it not be said that the description of a dinner is an unimportant matter: besides, English good cheer being absolutely the same in every inn, tavern, and hotel, in the three kingdoms, it is right to prepare Frenchmen for the enjoyments they are to expect on the other side of the channel'—pp. 15, 16, 51.

M. Blanqui visits a Mr. Oke, and the Botanic garden at Southampton, and is disappointed to find the latter not so large as the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. But he is consoled by his anticipations of Bath, "which has been described to me." says he, "as a second Palmyra."—[p. 26.] He sets out on the top of the coach, though terribly afraid of a fall—and is much edified with the sight of his fellow-travellers, "wrapping themselves up in their three or four great coats, indispensable to all travellers in England, on account of the continual wind and rain."—[p. 29.] On his arrival he parades up and down all the streets—but on entering Sidney-gardens, he is shocked at reading some epigrams on certain old ladies of Bath, and he "feels a sentiment of pride, in thinking, that in France the women who have given birth to citizens, are as much respected as those who are one day to be them"—p. 50.

These sentimental effusions, however, are interrupted by his departure for Bristol, where after admiring as usual the streets and shops, the sight of a steam packet setting off for Dublin, determines him to make a journey there, "and to judge for himself about the consequences of the religious dissensions which divide Ireland. "The Irish (he adds in a rapture) are our brethren---*they partake our hatred of the despotism of Carthage*, the season is propitious, we are young, we will go to Dublin!"---[p. 59.] M. Blanqui goes on board accordingly, and is dreadfully sea-sick, as before---but an accident (the breaking of the axle of a wheel) stops the vessel and his journey together, and the world has thus been deprived of M. Blanqui's valuable lucubrations on the Catholic question and Irish tithes. One remarkable circumstance attending the voyage is, that M. Blanqui's ears were delighted for the first time by hearing the English *God dam*.

Our traveller now goes to Birmingham, where he find fault with the statute of Nelson, and christens Wednesbury the plain of the Cyclops; an idea which delight him so much that he repeats it three times in as many pages, and finds his parellel fit admirably in every respect, except that the gun-makers of Birmingham have, unfortunately, two eyes instead of one. In the course of his journey onwards, the sight of some bulls in a meadow produces a burst of peevishness against the English, because they make laws against cruelty to animals, though they whip their horses "avec une énergie toute nationale," and have hulks for French prisoners of war. M. Blanqui is also very eloquent about our truly disgraceful practice of flogging soldiers, which he compares to the practices of the Inquisition.

At Liverpool he admires the docks; abuses the statute of Nelson, as usual, and describes the various public institutions, finding fault with the Athenæum, because you get tea and coffee there, things which he ingenuously finds out were not much in use at Athens. At Carlisle he breakfasts---and this is what he gives as the description of the regular English *déjeuner*.

'Some thin slices of ham, half-cooked and well sugared, and the cold raw roast beef had already gone round the table : then came hard boiled eggs, honey, butter, and tea. A little drop of milk is little more than shown to the guests at the bottom of the milk-pot, and when the *sample* is exhausted, it is rarely renewed. When every body is seated there is a profound silence ; breakfast is an affair too serious to be interrupted. Each prepares gravely his *tartines*, composed of slices of bread and a layer of butter covered with a varnish of honey, alternately dipped in the egg (if its hardness allows it) and in the tea. A loaf is rare here ; and you never drink beer—you never drink but at dinner. As often as a devouring thirst, augmented by such scorbutic nourishment, forces you to demand a glass of ale, you have to pay dearly for such a deviation from custom ; all eyes are turned upon you, and the servants hesitate so long in bringing it, that at last you dare not be thirsty. Such are English breakfasts : always eggs, butter and tea—only the rich take it in silver vases and the common people in china ; all the difference lies in this'—pp. 128. 129.

At Gretna Green our author has the good luck to witness a marriage *from the top of the coach*), and at Annan he stops to give a biographical account of the Rev. Edward Irving, a description of his squint, and a criticism on his eloquence. The town of Lanark is the first in Scotland where M. Blanqui gets off the [redacted]

the coach; and he speedily begins to feel the softening influences of that hospitable region. He finds out that "the eyes of all the Caledonian belles are adorned with long lashes; that their hair is beautifully arranged, and their looks full of sweetness and modesty. The men have nothing remarkable about them but their politeness and wish to oblige."—[p. 149.] The grand secret of all this, we suspect, is the low amount of the bills.

'The people of the inn are not *Jews* as at Liverpool; the putrified cheese of Birmingham has given place to rice or oat cakes, offered with a kindliness which gives them a value. Our food is once more French; the soup, which is either prescribed or badly cooked in England, always come to table in Scotland; the beef is no longer raw or spiced. We recovered our gaiety among these worthy people: one of them even assured us that the French and the Scotch were always brothers, and fought each other against their will.'—p. 150.

On arriving at Glasgow, our author is equally delighted with every thing, and, though he has an introduction to no less a personage than Robert Gray, Esq. of Carntyne, he wishes even to defer the pleasure of visiting the Glasgow Bailie till the day following. A Doctor Towers conducts him into the hall of the University, where he finds all the professors assembled, not drinking Glasgow punch, as has been maliciously reported of them, but reading the Edinburgh Review, well wrapped up in tartan plaids. But this is not all. "Thus these laborious philosophers pass their days amidst their books and profound speculations, neither troubled by the miseries of the present, nor anxieties for the future." What a delightful picture! The Glasgow professors quitting punch for philosophy, and only enlivening their learned leisure with a passage on the corn-laws out of the Edinburgh Review--"Think of that, Master Brook!" We could ourselves grow sentimental over the scene, and almost own "the soft impeachment!"

M. Blanqui speaks with much contempt of the Hunterian Museum, and of every thing belonging to it, except a letter written by the hand of "Washington." He next makes a journey to see the duke of Hamilton's gallery, which he says is described in the Voyage de Gilpin [of Johnny Gilpin we presume]. A portrait of Napoleon by David, fills him with profound reflections, and before this picture (he says) the Rubens, the Vandycks and the Poussins of the gallery fade away. Here the patriotic author takes occasion to eulogize his grace in these words: "Le duc de Hamilton habite rarement son palais. Ce seigneur dont, les manières et la politesse sont toutes françaises, semble avoir adopté la France pour patrie, et Paris pour sejour habituel. Ses enfans parlet notre langue et les Anglais mécontens de la partialité de leur pére pour un pays rival, l'accusent, sans doute avec un peu d'aigreur, d'avoir oublié la sienne."---[pp. 176, 177]. M. Blanqui visits Corra Lynn, and compares himself very complacently to Rob Roy; though perhaps Bailie Nicol Jarvie at the moment of his suspension by the skirts, would be a happier parallel with our Frenchman. He tells us afterwards, that Burns is the first of our Scottish poets; that Scott is also a little read, but by no means much relished; and that Byron is very much despised. He next details a boxing match of four rounds; "at the end of the fourth act" says he, "the drama finished;" the English, as every body knows, not having adopted in theatrical matters the principles of Horace and Boileau, which oblige an author to lengthen his play to five.—[p. 190] At Glasgow his sojourn is rendered memorable by his "assisting" at a dinner given to Mr. Brougham, and by his having seen a coal pit of which the workmen are compared, as usual, to Cyclops, and the devils in Milton.

The 18th chapter commences with praises of Ossian, sung in strains almost as sublime as his own poetry, and the author's imagination once exalted into kindred rapture he sets no bounds to his inventive vein. He is not content with describing Dumbarton Castle—he must give us a view of it too; but his brain being somewhat confused, with "thick coming fancies," he has unluckily placed it on the rong side of the river. To make up however, for this slight blunder, we have the following new and accurate piece of intelligence.

This castle was founded in the time of Wallace, who built the famous square tower between the two rocks THERE IT WAS THAT AT ONE TIME IT WAS PROPOSED TO IMPRISON NAPOLEON. Every one knows that when the holy alliance in labour for twenty years, was at last delivered of a victory still trembling before its prisoner, it gave him up to the English, who *at first* thought of of INTERRING HIM ALIVE AT DUMBARTON; but reflecting that this *would embarrass the navigation of the Clyde* and that it would be odious to kill him in Europe, *they preferred sending him to be assassinated in* AFRICA. We have since seen the terrible conformity which reigns between Dumbarton and St. Helena'---pp. 200, 201.

Lochleven reminds M. Blanqui of the POET Smollett; a title to which he has just as much right as the author of the Commentaries on the Laws of England; But he is recalled from his visions by a visit; to a family in the Highlands where he sees the *pas des mantagnes* danced, which lofty phrase being interpreted, means "the highland fling." He now gets quite poetical, fancies he hears in the air, and sees "lutes, laurels, seas of milk and ships of amber;" thinks that Loch Lomond is the Egean; the grampian hills," as he calls them, the Alps, and many other things equally reasonable. At last M. Blanqui quits Robert Gray, Esq., of Carntyne, and all these visions, and is fairly set down at Macgregor's hotel, in Prince's street, Edinburgh. He goes to call on Sir Walter Scott, and is quite astonished not to find on his door-plate "The Great Unknown"---"The Mighty Minstrel," or some other such title. On the contrary (says he) "la nom du maître est modestement écrit sur lo poste. *Sir Walter Scott, Baronet.*" Here is his account of his reception.

'At the first sound of the bell, which I pulled with a trembling hand, a servant came. Her polite and affable air gave me a good augury of the reception I should meet with from her master. She introduced me into the drawing-room with a smile of gratitude and joy for the homage I had come so far to render to her master. She replied to all my questions with great readiness and sagacity, as if she enjoyed her share of the visit. A volume of Guy Mannering lay on the table, among a quantity of papers *which I had great difficulty to refrain from reading.* On the back of one of them I expressed the regret I felt at the absence of the author. The worthy servant insisted on my going to Abbotsford, "Go, Sir," said she, "my master is always happy to receive Frenchmen; he will be delighted to see you, and you will find that his daughters speak your tongue as well as their own." This was very seducing, but I had not time for the journey'—pp. 240, 241.

On leaving Edinburgh he enters into a long and unintelligible disquisition on the superstitions, the manners, and the visions of the Highlands. After this, he sets out for London, though quitting with infinite regret the capital of the country of "Wallace, of Bruce, and of .....Robertson"---p. 330.

At York, M. Blanqui finds the folks preparing for the musical festival, and thus addresses the shades of Mozart and Rossini: "O divine children of Harmony! if any thing on earth could lead to doubts of the future, it would be your office to touch the hearts of the unbelieving! it is you who prove the existence of God," &c. After this speech, so worthy to introduce the subject, M. Blanqui describes the madhouse near York (the Retreat), from which, by an easy transition he passes to the history of some other madhouses about Paris. He arrives, at last, in London, and the first valuable remark we find in his account of it occurs in his 307th page, in which he complains much of the *bizarrerie* that has "induced the English to place in the very centre of their capital, Smithfield-market!" M. Blanqui is also extremely indignant at being obliged to pay the enormous sum of two-pence for the privilege of entering St. Paul's; and we are sorry to find that the interior of this grand edifice has met with the reprobation of a person of his refined taste. The sight of the great bell costs him two-pence, and the cupola of the dome two shillings more. But though the situation of St. Paul's displeases him, he is "dédommagé" by the sight of Newgate, which "se développe avec bien plus d'avantage au milieu d'une belle rue." Afterwards he sees the Exchange, the Mansion-house, the Post-office, the India house and Guild-hall, and he does *not see* the Bank. To make up for this however, he *does* see the Tower; takes the attendants for baboons escaped from a menagerie; and patheticaly describes the eagerness with which they demanded the fee he is always so unwilling to pay. He describes the lions as sneeringly as their keepers, but is vastly delighted with two boys, and extols their dexterity in swallowing two live rabbits. The sight of the armoury awakens his contempt, for no other reason, that we can imagine, than that it is the most splendid exhibition of the kind in the world; but he is delighted at seeing the French trophies brought from the field of Waterloo, and cries out, in a sentence too characteristic to be omitted; "Yes, the English have reason to be proud of these spoils of the brave; they have cost them some of their best blood; and, as I gazed on them, I thought with pride of the fine lines of Casimir Delavigne:

On dit qu'en les voyant conchés sur la poussière,
D'un respect douloureux frappé par tant d' exploits,
L'ennemi, l'œil fixe sur leur face guerrère
Les regarda sans peur pour la premiere fois!"---p. 143-4.

At last M. Blanqui and his friends are allowed to leave the Tower, but not before they have paid about twelve shillings—a fact which he has recorded in his immortal octavo, to horrify and inform the French nation.

He next goes to Westminster Abbey, where "une chose afflige, et c'est encore la triste nécessité des *complimens*, comme dans la Tour et a St. Paul." He visits the Haymarket Theatre, and there sees Frankenstein (which by the way, he says is imitated from a German novel), a piece never performed at that Theatre. At the Lyceum, they act a piece taken from the French, and the cause of its success is, that it finishes with a boxing match, and "a play which finishes thus, never fails to succeed in England." After having seen all the fine and curious things which we have mentioned, and many more, M. Blanqui takes leave of England, and arrives safely at Dieppe.

We have not noticed the introduction in which the author's political creed is expounded, as we intended, and now we have no room for a long notice of it. It is mostly made up of lamentations about Ireland, describing it (though the country, perhaps, is the most thickly-peopled in Europe) as a desert; and quoting an account of its misery from an author whom he speaks of among "les voyageurs les plus modernes." This very modern author, our readers will be surprised to find, is none other than Sir William Petty, who wrote in the days of Charles 2nd. So much for M. Blanqui's candour, information, and acquaintance with English subjects.

NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA.

The Expedition to Russia. By Count PHILIP DE SEGUR.

Napoleon in Russia. By General GOURGAUD.

[Concluded from our parper of Saturday.]

On the question how far the delay at Moscow was likely to produce proposals from Alexander, M. Segur, and M. Gourgaud, of course, are divided. M. Segur thinks that there was no prospect at that time of any negociation, and that every hour the army paused was a boon to the Russians. And he fights; as he does certainly in a great many intances, with this advantage on his side: that while he reasons from the probabilities, the world infers something from the fact; the result, in most cases, supports his argument: M. Gourgaud's complaint is, that it has furnished it.

The Emperor does not reach Kalonga; the fatal affair of Malo-Yaroslowitz interferes; and the Russians now seem rather more ready to fight than they were some months ago. It was about half a league from Malo-Yaroslowitz, in the habitation of a weaver, a crazy, old, filthy, wooden hut, parted off into two portions by a curtain—that Napoleon heard the result of that affair, and was told by Bessieres that the Russian position, as it then stood, was unassailable. On the next day six thousand of Platoff's Cossacks crossed the Louja in the rear of the advanced guard; and cutting down all before them, are within a point of carrying off Napoleon himself. This *houra* takes place upon the high road, and in the very interior of the French army. The cavalry of the guard comes up; but the assailants are gone. They have over-thrown every thing before them, until a force is brought to bear; and are away in the woods then upon their half-wild horses, without losing a man. Retreat was now generally admitted to be the only course. From Malo-Yaroslowitz the Emperor had nothing in his view but Paris just as, in leaving Paris, he saw nothing but Moscow. After this time, no sooner did the French pass through any place; town or village, than it ceased to exist; but though every one saw that it was necessary to get back again, how that measure to be accomplished was a point not so easily decided.

Mortier, left behind at Moscow, with orders to blow up the Kremlin, executed that duty, and re-joined the Emperor at Vereia which was burned as the army quitted it. But the discomforts of a retreat begin to show themselves directly; wounded are left behind on the roads; hospitals in the towns are compelled to be abandoned. Russian prisoners are shot in considerable numbers, merely to get rid of them: many are starved to death. To mend all this, marching upon wretched roads from Mojaisk to Gjatz, the army passes over the fields of the Kalowga and of Borodino, on which lie unburied 30,000 of their dead. A decidedly unfavourable impression is made by this melancholy spectacle, upon the confidence and feelings (which then needed every support, rather than discouragement) of the troops.

"The road, says. M. Segur, describing part of this march, "was crossed every moment by marshy hollows. A slope, slippery as glass with the frost, hurried the carriages into these, and there they stuck. To draw them out, it was necessary to climb the opposite ascent upon an icy road, where the horses whose shoes were worn quite smooth, could not obtain a footing. Every moment they and their drivers fell exhausted one upon another; the famished soldiers at once pounced upon these falling animals, tore them to pieces, broiled their bleeding flesh in masses, and devoured it." This was the situation of Davoust, who commanded the rear-guard of the French; driving an immense horde of stragglers, who incumbered his march, before him; and harrassed by Platoff, and his swarms of Cossacks, in the rear. On the 3d of November, in getting into Wiazma, Prince Eugene, Davoust, and part of Ney's corps, had a partial action with the Russian General Miloradowitch; Kutusoff, who commanded the main body, refusing to engage. The French fought bravely, and against odds; but, at the end of the day, 4000 of their men---besides the loss of much baggage---in killed, wounded, and prisoners, were missing.

But it was not until after this time that the real danger of the French army even showed itself. Kutussoff constantly refused to attack. The winter, he said, would destroy Napoleon. The winter now came to do so. "On the 6th of November," says M. Segur, "the day declared itself, the sun disappeared, and the army marched enveloped in cold fogs. Presently these fogs became thicker and a heavy fall of snow covered the ground. The wind was strong and piercing. The snow carried up from the ground as almost as troublesome to our men as that which continued falling. The wet clothes of the soldiers froze upon their bodies. All objects were confounded, and at every step they missed their way. Before them there was seen nothing but snow, it extended further than the eye could reach on all sides, and there seemed no possibility of escape from it. The men now began to drop in great numbers, and none who fell ever rose again from the road side.

"Night came on (under these same circumstances), a night of 16 hours. The snow covered every thing; the men knew not where to halt, to sit, lie down—where to find even a root to eat, or how to kindle a fire. Many, attracted by the sight of by-paths, struck off, hoping to reach some hut or village, but they forgot that, on their passage forwards, they had themselves laid waste every thing. They were now seized, as they ventured from the ranks, by the Cossacks; or else fell into the hands of the armed peasantry; who stripped, wounded, and left them to expire upon the snow, amid ferocious bursts of laughter. Those whom the efforts of officers had kept together, strove to establish themselves, but almost in vain. The pines, laden with frost, obstinately resisted the flames. The snow which hung upon them, and that which continued to fall fast, extinguished the first fires as well as the spirits of those who made them. When at length the flames gained the ascendancy, the repast consisted of pieces of flesh, torn all bloody from the horses that were knocked up. Next morning, circular ranges of human bodies, extended lifeless, marked the *bivouac*. From that day we bagan to place less reliance on one another."

The whole effect of M. Segur's account goes a good deal farther than this. It shows the whole French army as already pretty nearly at fault -- one division knowing but little, or regarding the movements of another. Ney covered the retreat, which he said was sacrificing the few men who could and would fight, to protect the stranglers---three out of four---who would not.

The army of Italy, commanded by Eugene Beauharnois, stripped, without baggage or cannon, was driven upon Ney unexpectedly, by the Cossacks, as his own broken division approached Smolensko. These soldiers had lost all: discipline was utterly unknown. The officers, on a preceding night had attempted to find lodging, in a small village, on the snow; but a difference of rank no longer inspired respect. The soldiers poured in like madmen, tore down the wooden houses in defiance of their commanders; and kindled fires, by which they warmed themselves with shouts, amidst the groans of the dead and the dying.

But these were dangers and sufferings which we are compelled to pass over lightly. so much more extended and ruinous were those which the retreating army had to endure, and of which, at the time now in question, it was scarcely even suspicious. Smolensko, all the way from Moscow, had been considered the point at which most difficulties were to cease. It would be but Smolensko---the point which they ought never to have passed, to which, in their strength, they ought never to have come. It would still be but Smolensko ---yet in the heart of Russia---forty days march, even, from Prussian Poland: but it was a land of promise; it was at least full of provisions and stores; they would get new shoes and garments, have time to sleep, and exchange for houses and fires, their *bivouac* in cold of nineteen degrees. They reached Smolensko; but, alas! it proved, says M. Segur, "to be the commencement of our sufferings, rather than their termination." Magazines had been ordered to be formed; but to collect a tithe of what was wanted had been impossible; and even to distribute that, being so little, was scarcely now less difficult. The first French who reached the walls of Smolensko were the stragglers. These came in thousands; they formed an army of themselves; and they were desperate, furious with hunger. To admit this crowd, which would have devoured every thing, perhaps by force, was imposible; it would have been ruin to the general cause, as well as gross injustice to the soldiers who had stood to their colours, and who were therefore now behind. In the end, but a small part of the army found even present food, and scarcely any part of it shelter, in Smolensko. There is but little rice, flour, or spirits, and almost no meat at all. The extent of operations had been too great for force to deal with. The cattle, indeed had died by thousands on the roads; the convoys of waggons had been plundered, eaten up by divisions coming to join, or cut off. A commissary who had been unable to effect physical impossibilities, was on the point of being hanged to satisfy (the appetites) of those who had got no food; but his reasons are satisfying; and, to Napoleon's credit he is permitted to escape.

On the 9th of November, says M. Segur, the Emperor arrived at Smolensko, and never left his quarters till the 14th, when he started to continue his retreat. Of 37,000 cavalry which had crossed the Niemeu, 800 men only were now lett on horseback. Stragglers were lost in pretty considerable numbers, being unable to keep up with the army. now it was pushed to prevent the Russians from cutting off his retreat; and of 100,000 men who had left even Moscow, 36,000 only (under arms were in a state to march.

The imperial column leaving Smolensko about five in the morning of the 14th is menaced by the advance of Kutusoff, on the road from Elnia, with 90,000 men. It is raked, from several batteries upon the heights on the left, by Miloradowitch, who refuses to free the old guard, and therefore avoids attacking the Emperor. But this division having passed, he descends from his position; and bars the road against Ney, Davoust, and Eugene Beauharnois, with their troops, who have to follow. A singular accident is here related:—Eugene, whose

column stands next in order to the Emperor, riding forward, with only his staff in the midst of an immense mass of 1,500 stragglers, finds himself stopped by Miloradowitch, and called upon by a force ten to one greater than his own, to surrender. He falls back and regains his division, which is almost annihilated by the Russian batteries in its passage; but from the extreme ignorance of the enemy (probably their ignorance of his real weakness), he makes good his passage, having left, after he has done, about 3,000 men, of an army that had amounted to 42,000.

The anxiety of the Emperor for the safety of Beauharnois and the Italian army had been great; but it became still more urgent, when the wreck of that division overtook him, for the fate of Davoust and Ney, who still remained behind. The retreat through Lithuania was open. It was more than doubtful how long it would remain so, Kutusoff was on the point, every hour, of heading the French force which would then be surrounded entirely; but in this dangerous predicament, Napoleon still determined not to abandon his friends without a struggle. In a gallant movement, forcibly described by M. Segur, but which we can only afford a single line to, he arms himself, goes out on foot, and at the head of scarcely 11,000 men, turns back into Russia; plunging into a force, on the part of the enemy, of at least 80,000. His words, on taking up his swords on this occasion, are "I have sufficiently acted the Emperor—it is time that I should be the General;" and with his handful of soldiers, he maintains the ground, until Davoust, forcing his way through a cloud of Cossacks, comes up from the rear, Krasnoe, however, now is hotly threatened It seems certain that any farther delay by the Imperial columns will enable Kutusoff to rich Liady, or Orcha, perhaps to occupy the passage of the Boristhenes before it. All being likely, in this way, to perish, Napoleon in deep distress pushes forward at the head of the Old Guard; and, marching on foot, with a stick in his hand, in the midst of his soldiers, by Krasnoe and Liady, clears his way to Dombrowna.

"At Dombrowna," says M. Segur, "we had quitted Old Russia, with her deserts of snow and ashes; and it has a wooden town. with a population ---a novel sight for an army which for three months had beheld nothing but ruins." At this place, the famine ceased pretty nearly; and a good deal of the *bivouac*; but the relief came too late; the army was but a wreck; and even that wreck was beset on every side by enemies. Of all the cavalry that had gone into Russia, 300 men only were now left. Ney was behind---cut off---accounted lost irretrievably. Disorder was regularly organized. Five-sixths of the French consisted of stragglers; plundering the troops who kept their their ranks, at every opportunity, of their clothes or provisions. Against such conduct there could be no check set up; death had no terrors for these people, for they counted on it, as a matter of course always within the next instant. Napoleon came into Orcha with 6,000 Guards---the remains of 35,000. Engene had 18,000 Italians, the remains of 42,000. Davoust 4,000 French, the remains of 70,000. It was only by the most summary efforts of the Guard that the irregulars could be prevented now from pillaging the friendly frontier: and in the mean time news arrived that Minsk, the next point of retreat—the great magazine, the only *appui* that the French had to rest upon, had fallen into the hands of the Russians; Tchitchbakof's corps had entered it on the 16th. The immediate result affords a singular evidence of the inefficiency, at that time, looking to its immense numbers, of the Russian force. Ten thousand steady troops—the French themselves will admit the fact---could have destroyed them altogether; the whole Russian army was upon, and around them; and the only question was—through which portion of it they should cut their way. Ney, beating off Cossacks sufficient to have eaten his whole corps losing half of it, such as it was, in crossing the Dnieper; getting away from Kutusoff and 80,000 men, when on his side, he had scarcely 5,000; rejoins the French headquarters at Orcha, with a remains of 500. Napoleon shouted for joy when he heard of his arrival; exclaiming that he would have given his whole treasury rather than have lost such a man.

The Russians, however, could afford to be cautious; and that fact was constantly Kutusoff's excuse. Matters, of themselves, were quietly preparing—the weather, the fatigue, and the disorder—for that which was to give *coup de grace* to the retreating army---the affair of the passage of the Boresina. Borizof had been the point selected for crossing that river; for there a bridge was ready; and the French had small means now for building such convenience—the first blow was Borizof's being taken by the Russians, they were dispossessed afterwards of the town; but in the interim the bridge had been destroyed.

There were then three fords across the Boresina, within an available distance, but all of them very bad ones, and every one to be passed in face of the enemy. It is determined to try the passage at Studzianka; the river runs six feet deep, and fifty-four fathoms wide, and the landing must be in a marsh under the fire direct of the corps of Tchitchakof. On their march to this point the army meets at Borizof the fresh forces of Oudinot and Victor; but even the officers of those corps have been kept in ignorance of its real miserable condition. When it approaches, a train of spectres, covered with antic rags rather than clothed in uniforms—lean, filthey, shameless, unarmed, marching with eyes upon the ground, and silent, like a troop of captives---the curses of discouragement and disorder are communicated to these fresh men, even at the right.

At five o'clock on the evening of the 25th of November, the cold weather having set in again, but not sufficiently to freeze the Boresina to bearing, Eble comes to the water at Studzianka, with such materials as he can collect, to begin the building of a bridge. The night is in a great measure lost for want of sufficient timber. The river rises, until the sappers work in ice and water to the chin; and at peep of day, on the 26th, when the Russian position is seen opposite, the bravest almost despair of being ever able to make a passage. At this moment, when utter ruin stares the French in the face, Murat is proposing to Napoleon to fly, and the Emperor firmly refuses to quit the army; at this moment, to the utter amazement of all the French, the Russian force on the other side appears in full retreat: the intent to cross at Studzinka has been taken only for a demonstration, and the Russians have departed, expecting to meet the real passage in another quarter.

So far, therefore, all does well. But the Russians having made a mistake, it now becomes the turn of the French, unfortunately, to make one. On the 28th of November, when the whole of their army ought to have crossed, a large portion of it still remained on the wrong side of the Boresina. The difficulty lay in the entire absence of control and discipline; in the fatigue and suffering which rendered men equally obstinate and careless; and in the immense and unmanageable multitudes which, having in effect disbanded themselves, formed a clog upon the movements of such as did their duty.

On the night of the 26th, two bridges were open for the passage of the river, that for the carriages, however, being so weakly constructed that it repeatedly broke in; but the stragglers all the night remained dispersed in the woods and surrounding villages, and it was only when a division or regiment went to pass, and they apprehended being left behind in earnest, that they would present themselves to cross. This is particularly the case at the time when the Guard, by which these poor creatures used to regulate themselves, begins to march. Its departure acts like a signal. An immense crowd, in spite of all entreaty, rushes forward all at once, to cross. Men, horses, and carriages, mixed together choke the passage, which a small disorder is sufficient to stop entirely; and which is only cleared by their falling or being cast over, into the floating ice, amidst which they perished.

It was on the 27th November, at noon, Eble assured Buonaparte that six days would not be enough for the baggage which lay upon the banks to cross the river in. On that night again the general crowd—for the bulk of the army was a riotous mob—pulled the village of Studzianka to pieces; bivouacked with its fragments; and again lost so many hours of opportunity to pass. Meantime, occasion does not stay people's taking for ever. By the 28th Inst. the three Russian commanders. Wittgenstein, Platoff, and Tchitchakoff, have formed a junction, and with 60,000 men are ready to attack. The battle of the Beresina then is fought, in which the Russians perhaps do but little; but in which the situation of the French themselves does every thing. During the action it is, that the whole baggage and the stragglers, which would have taken six or eight days to cross the river, attempt to cross in one day—and indeed almost in one hour and at one moment. The artillery and carriage-bridge breaks down altogether; and then all rush; each for himself, to that intended only for the army. Of course, the narrow passage at once becomes stopped. The carts and carriages which crush and trample down those on foot, only raise a barrier, over which they themselves are afterwards unable to climb. We cannot afford to quote M. Segur's description of this scene. Perhaps a single observation may convey some notion of the grand result. Eble, having then both bridges, on the 27th instant, calculated that *six days* would be required to transport only the baggage. On the morning of the 30th, the carriage bridge in the meantime having been destroyed, and Victor's corps of 6,000, which had defended them in the rear, having also cut its way across the whole mass of followers and irregulars doubling the real difficulty at least, by their own want of order and reasonable conduct, had all been passed over one single bridge, or drowned, or abandoned. The loss among these people probably was never counted: their absence was an advantage, as far as any thing could be called an advantage, to those who remained. But from the estimate made by M. Eble of the capacities of the passage, even if conducted with order and regularity, it may be easily conceived what must have accurred in it, under the circumstances subject to which it was attempted.

A mass, now altogether confused and broken of 60,000 French remain after the battle of the Boresina; but we have not room to follow in detail the disasters which bring them to their end. At Smorgoni, Napoleon quits the wreck, and sets off for Paris; leaving Murat to command in chief in his absence, whose impetuous character always in extreme, ill calculated him perhaps, for such a duty.

On the very day after the Emperor's depar-

ture, the severity of the cold increases. The people are literally frozen to death on their march; and though 20,000 recruits joined the 60,000 remnant; after the passage of the Boresina in only four days the whole 80,000 is again reduced to one-half. The arrival at Wilna presents a still new feature in the retreat. The crowd which with three degrees more of strength would have made the town a ruin, has now not even force sufficient left to pillage. There are stores, but owing to mismanagement in the departments, provision is refused to the men without formalities which cannot be complied with. The Jew population are hostile; they see the weakness of the French, and defend their houses; and thousands of wretches die in the streets, with the means of life at hand, if they had strength left to combat for them.

The defile of Punari, between Wilna and Kowna, pretty nearly closes the affair. Murat, frightened at the unmanageableness of his people, seems to have abandoned his duty, and made off altogether. The Russians are pressing furiously on; at Ponari, a hill stops the fugitives, and the men still under arms give up all hope. The public baggage and military chest is then burst open; the French begin to plunder themselves, to anticipate the enemy; ten millions of money disappear; and the sight of the gold so completely silences all feeling but that of avarice, that the advanced party of the Cossacks, and the hindmost stragglers of the French, are said to have pillaged the waggons together, without stopping to quarrel for a preference. After this day, the little safety that the French ever enjoy is bought by the heroic exertions of Ney; who, with a rear-guard diminishing until, at last, he has only 60 men continues to maintain some show of military arrangement and position. And finally, on the 13th of December, a still pursued, and flying from the Russians; they recross the Niemen; to throw themselves in a hundred directions into forests of Prussian Poland; only *one* thousand men under arms of all who had crossed it so triumphantly scarce seven months since; one thousand men under arms, two Kings; eight Marshals, without attendants; and some twenty thousand stragglers, already at the point of death, are all of the grand army" which lives to recross the Russian river; and, even of this miserable remain, but a small remnant were destined ever again to revisit the homes from which they had originally started.

The remaining chapters of M. Segur's work are occupied chiefly in relating the defections, which naturally took place among the unwilling allies of Napoleon, as soon as his Russian disarters were fully understood; and the probability that these defections might have taken place much earlier and have been carried farther, perhaps justifies that policy of Napoleon's, which, by sending the most extravagant misstatements of his condition to the rear, exposed his army in fact to miseries on the retreat, which a more candid conduct might probably have spared. Throughout these latter chapters, as indeed through the whole of the book, M. Gourgaud's constant charge against the author is that of exagera tion, and of an inclination to sully *(denigrer)* Napoleon's renown; and to this is added a great quantity of comment, rather more offensive than important, about M. Segur's having been a mere house-hold officer; "Monsieur le Mareschal du Palais": and of his having retailed the gossip of antechambers, and of guard-rooms to the world as actual conversations.

Now, upon the positive accuracy of the words occasionally put into the mouth of the Emperor, or of leaders immediately about him. where these historians are at variance, it is impossible to say which is right. M. Segur says that such or such a conversation did pass. M. Gourgaud says that it could not have passed. Which of the two is best entitled to credit it would be difficult to decide. But M. Segur stands in this superiority of position; he has written a very entertaining and impressive book, the great features of which M. Gourgaud's work does not materially shake. Again, the General's *Examen Critique* is not written in a style, which, with persons who feel impartially, will give it any value beyond that which it is absolutely entitled to. He carps too much at trifling errors, or discrepancies; and is a great deal too fond of contradicting, without supporting his contradictions by any thing like competent proof. M. Segur's style is vivid, sometimes inflated; and, decidedly, we would commend him, less as a historian for posterity, than as the writer of such an account of a recent transaction as conveys considerable instruction, and as people in the present day will be very likely to read. But the scenes which he beheld, the situations which he describes, were of a character most extraordinary; perhaps unparalleled. All the accounts which have been written of the same transactions, bear the outward sign of poetry, of romance; in fact, they are made up of little else that those details, out of which such productions are properly composed. It must be recollected too, that from the quantity of matter under his hands, M. Segur is compelled to describe more frequently than to relate. He has to compress and consequently to concentrate, and a good deal to generalize; all the which operations have a tendency to raise a writer's commodity something above proof. M. Segur's book is a sort of picture, into which, having but a given quantity of canvass, he has endeavoured to cram as many curious points as the prospect will admit of: but it is difficult to believe that his statements are broadly incorrect or untrue, when, if they be so, there are so many persons—it is not necessary to talk of probability, who can, of their own knowledge positively contradict them.

Upon the other ground, his complaint of the spirit in which M. Segur's book is written. M. Gourgaud stands still weaker. To people in general that complaint will appear quite unfounded. It is the very best point in M. Segur's book, that he has not written in the very *ultra* spirit of a "soldier of the Grande Armee." That there is less of that gasconade, which imposes upon nobody, and which is quite unnecessary (looking to their real merit), which had been the besetting sin of the military French. Thus when Napoleon chose to treat as yet in existence,—and this to men who knew the fact—armies of which a trace was scarcely remaining; or Bertheir to send instructions to Ney, day after day, detailing positions which he was to take up with 35,000 men, when he knew that the Marshal's force no longer amounted to 100; such trash and bubble passed upon soldiers or Ministers whose convenience was not to reply; but it does not follow that M. Segur was bound to conceal it; and surely no one can suppose he could have made the same folly pass upon the world? The mischief done to any notion which Napoleon's admirers may entertain of his infallibility, will not be by the comments of M. Segur, but by the facts, which he has put into an arranged and intelligible shape. He may show that orders were issued, which it was impossible to obey, and perhaps folly to think could be obeyed; and he may show those same orders immediately treated, and acted upon, as accomplished; and yet have no desire to deform the character of Napoleon, or to sully the lustre of the French arms. It is not to compromise the reputation of that extraordinary man, (however the fact may be) to ascribe his occasional absences of power to illness—to bodily suffering from a complaint perhaps of all others the most murderous to all habits of activity, and which every continued personal exertion, or even violent mental emotion, had a tendency at once to call into effect.

M. Segur may have failed to do justice to individuals: this is possible; but certainly he no where dishonours the French cause. One of the most vigorous descriptions in his whole book is the account of that chivalrous exploit of Napoleon, the return, through the Russian army, from the Krasnoe road towards Smolensko, in search of Davoust, who was cut off, and Ney. In the same way, the headlong bravery of Murat invariably fills ten pages, where one describes his mischievous haste, or the effects of his moral weakness. The friends of Ney surely should not complain? Scarcely those of Prince Eugene? In fact, it is difficult to find any leader, or any division, upon which immense commendation is not bestowed. We have armies of 80,000 Russians treating for surrender with parties of 4,000 French, and not venturing to charge them Two hundred voltigeurs beating off 10,000 cavalry, what the deuce would M. Gourgaud have?

It so happens that the name of the General himself does not appear in the book of M. Segur. Injustice may have been done to him by such silence; but that fact will not sustain the charges which he brings forward. The appeal "Should a French officer tell this?", where the matter related is true, may have force with a particular party, but is not worthy of any party. The French may tell the full truth throughout the Russian campaign, and be much honoured when it is told. Many of the differences between the two writers, are differences, no doubt the most difficult always to settle, differences of degree. The book of M. Gourgaud may moreover, contain great truths of detail which will only be appreciated within a peculiar circle. Upon the whole, however, it is written in a spirit of so much personal ill will, as of itself cautions the reader not to take any thing merely asserted in it, as proved. As a critical work, and not a descriptive one, it of course aims at nothing like entertainment. Except as a commentary upon M. Segur's work, it cannot interest at all; and, as such commentary, supported as its statements at present are, Monsieur Segur's reputation will not be very considerably affected by it.—*Times, Sept.* 10.

REVIEWS, EXTRACTS FROM POPULAR WORKS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTICES, &c. &c.

THE SUBALTERN.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAP. XXIV.

THE blockade of Bayonne being now decidedly converted into a siege, Sir John Hope very justly determined, that every brigade of British and Portuguese troops—in other words, every brigade upon which he could at all depend—should take by turns a share in the fatigue and danger attendant upon the progress of operations. The tour of duty allotted to each was accordingly fixed, at three days. In consequence of this arrangement, we, who had assumed the care of the works and outposts on the 4th, were relieved on the evening of the 7th; and at an early hour on the morning of the 8th, once more turned our faces in the direction of the pine-wood. The tents which we had pitched in the vicinity of Boucant were not, however, struck. These we left standing for the benefit of a brigade of Portuguese, which crossed the river to succeed us; and hence, instead of halting where we had formerly sojourned, beside the pond, and under the shadow of the firtrees, we pushed on as far as the outskirts of Anglette. The morning of the 8th chanced to be uncommonly dark and foggy. It so happened, moreover, that a man, who had got drunk upon duty the night before, was doomed to suffer punishment, as early as circumstances would allow, and the battalion having reached what was supposed to be its ground, formed square in a green field for the purpose. Partly in consequence of the density of the fog, which rendered all objects at the distance of fifty yards invisible, and partly because the country was altogether new to us, we lost our way. Our astonishment may therefore be conceived, when, on the clearing away of the mist, we found ourselves drawn up within less than point-blank range of the enemy's guns, and close to the most advanced of our own sentinels in this part of the line.

For a moment or two we were permitted to continue thus unmolested, but not longer. The breastworks in front of us were speedily lined with infantry; mounted officers arrived and departed at full speed; a few field-pieces being hurried through a sally-port, were posted upon the exterior of the glacis; and then a sharp cannonade began. It was quite evident that the enemy expected an assault; and the accidental appearance of two other British brigades, which chanced at the moment to pass each other in our rear, added strength, without doubt, to that expectation. The scene was highly animating; but the enemy's guns were too well served to permit our continuing long spectators of it. A ball or two striking in the centre of the square warned us to withdraw; and as we were clearly in a situation where we were never meant to be, as well as because no act of hostility was on our port intended, we scrupled not to take the hint, and to march somewhat more to the rear. There a certain number of houses was alltotted to us, and we again found ourselves, for the space of four days, under cover of a roof.

We were thus situated, when a messenger extraordinary arrived at the quarters of the commanding officer, about midnight on the 11th of April. with intelligence that the allies were in possession of Paris, and that Buonaparte had abdicated. It would be difficult to say what was the effect produced upon us by the news. Amazement—utter amazement was the first and most powerful sensation excited. We could hardly credit the story; some of us even went so far for a while as to assert, that the thing was impossible. Then came the thought of peace, of an immediate cessation of hostilities, and a speedy return to our friends and relatives in England; and last, though not with the least permanent influence, sprang up the dread of reduction to half-pay. For the present, however, we rather rejoiced than otherwise at the prospect of being delivered from the irksome and incessant labour of a siege; and we anticipated with satisfaction a friendly intercourse with the brave men against whom we had so long fought without entertaining one rancorous feeling towards them. I fear, too, that the knowledge of what had passed in Paris, caused some diminution in the watchfulness which we had hitherto preserved, at least I cannot account upon any other principle for the complete surprisal of our outposts in the village of St. Etienne, a few nights after.

The messenger who conveyed this intelligence to us, went on to say that Sir John had despatched a flag of truce to inform the governor of Bayonne that there was no longer war between the French and English nation. General Thouvenot, however, refused to credit the statement. He had received, he said, no official communication from Marshal Soult and as he considered himself under the immediate command of that officer, even a despatch from the capital would have no weight with him unless it came backed by the authority of his superior. Under these circumstances no proposals were made on either side to cease from hostilities, though on ours the troops were henceforth exempted from the labour of erecting batteries, in which it was very little probable that guns would ever be mounted. In other respects, however things continued as they had previously been. The picquets took their stations as usual, all communication between the garrison and the open country was still cut off, and several families of the inhabitants, who sought to pass through our lines, were compelled to return into the town. This last measure was adopted, as it invariably is adopted when a city is besieged, in order not to diminish the number of persons who must be fed from the stores laid up in the public arsenals.

Though there was peace in Paris, there was no peace before Bayonne. Our brigade having enjoyed its allotted period of rest, accordingly prepared to return to its camp beside Boucaut, for which purpose a line of march was formed on the morning of the 12th; and we again moved towards the floating bridge. As yet, however, our services at the outposts were not required; and as working parties were no longer in fashion, we spent that and the succeeding day peaceably in our camp. Not that these days were wholly devoid of interesting occurrences. During the latter a French officer arrived from the north, bearing the official accounts of those mighty transactions, which once more placed his country under the rule of the Bourbons; and him we sent forward to the city, as the best pledge for the truth of our previous statements, and of our present amicable intentions. Still General Thouvenot disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, the whole affair: but he returned an answer by the flag of truce which accompanied the aid-de-camp, "that we should hear from him on the subject before long."

It will be readily believed, that the idea of future hostilities was not, under all these circumstances, entertained by any individual of any rank throughout the army. For form's sake, it was asserted that the blockade must still continue, and the sentinels must still keep their ground; but that any attack would be made upon them, or any blood uselessly spilled, no man for a moment imagined. The reader may therefore guess at our astonishment, when, about three o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth, we were suddenly awoke by a heavy firing in front; and found, on starting up, that a desperate sortie had taken place, and that our picquets were warmly engaged along the whole line. Instantly the bugles sounded. We hurried on our clothes and accoutrements, whilst the horses came galloping in from their various stables, and the servants and bat-men busied themselves in packing the baggage; and then hastily taking our places, we marched towards the point of danger, and were hotly and desperately in action in less than a quarter of an hour.

The enemy had come on in two columns of attack, one of which bore down upon the church and street of St. Etienne, whilst the other, having forced the barricade upon the high road, pressed forward towards the chateau where our mortar battery was in progress of erection. So skilfully had the sortie been managed, that the sentries in front of both these posts were almost all surprised ere they had time by discharging their pieces to communicate an alarm to those behind them. By this means, and owing to the extreme darkness of the night, the first intimation of danger which the picquets received was given by the enemy themselves; who, stealing on to the very edge of the trench, within which our men were stationed, fired a volley directly upon their heads. In like manner, the serjeant's guard which stood beside the guns in the village was annihilated, and the gun itself captured; whilst the party in the church were preserved from a similar fate, only in consequence of the care which had been taken to block up the various doorways and entrances, so that only one man at a time might make his way into the interior. It was however, completely surrounded, and placed in a state of siege; but it was gallantly defended by Captain Foster of the 38th regiment, and his men.

Just before the enemy sallied out, a French officer, it appeared, had deserted; but unfortunately he came in through one of the more remote picquets, and hence those which were destined to receive the shock reaped no benefit from the event. His arrival at head-quarters had, however, the effect of puting Sir John Hope on his guard; and hence greater preparations to meet the threatened danger were going forward. than we, on whom it came unexpectedly and at once, imagined. A Corps of five hundred men, for example, which was daily stationed as a sort of reserve, about a mile in rear of the out-posts, was in full march towards the front, when the firing began; and the enemy were in consequence checked before they had made any considerable progerss or had reached any of our more important magazines. The blue house, as we

were in the habit of naming the chateau, was indeed carried; and all the piles of fascines and gabions, which had cost us so much labour to construct, were burned; but besides this, little real benefit would have accrued to the assailants, had the state of affairs been such as to render a battle at this particular juncture at all necessary, or even justifiable.

Immediately on the alarm being given, Sir John Hope, attended by a single aid-de-camp, rode to the front. Thither also flew Generals Hay, Stopford and Bradford, whilst the various brigades hurried after them, at as quick a pace as the pitchy darkness of the night, and the rugged and broken nature of the ground, would permit. Behind them, and on either hand, as they moved, the deepest and most impervious gloom prevailed; but the horizon before them was one blaze of light. I have listened to a good deal of heavy firing in my day; but a more uninterrupted roar of artillery and musketry than was now going on, I hardly recollect to have witnessed.

As the attacking party amounted to five or six thousand men, and the force opposed to them fell, somewhat short of one thousand, the latter were, of course, losing ground rapidly. The blue houses was carried; the high road, and several lanes that ran parallel with it, were in possession of the enemy; the village of St. Etienne swarmed with them; when Sir John Hope arrived at the entrance of a hollow road, for the defence of which a strong party had been allotted. The defenders were in full retreat. "Why do you move in that direction?" cried he, as he rode up. "The enemy are yonder, sir," was the reply. "Well then we must drive them back—come on." So saying, the general spurred his horse. A dense mass of French soldiers was before him; they fired, and his horse fell dead. The British picquet, alarmed at the fall of the general, fled; and Sir John, being a heavy man,—being besides severely wounded in two places, and having one of his legs crushed beneath his horse, lay powerless and at the mercy of the assailants. His aid-de-camp, having vainly endeavoured to release him, was urged by Sir John himself to leave him; and the French pressing on, our gallant leader was made prisoner, and sent bleeding within the walls.

Of this sad catastrophe none of the troops were at all aware, except those in whose immediate presence it occurred. The rest found ample employment both for head and hand, in driving back the enemy from their conquests, and in bringing succour to their comrades, whose unceasing fire gave evidence that they still held out in the church of St. Etienne. Towards that point a determined rush was made. The French thronged the street and churchyard, and plied our people with grape and canister from their own captured gun; but the struggle soon became more close and more ferocious. Bayonets, sabres, the butts of muskets, were in full play; and the street was again cleared, the barricade recovered, and the gun re-taken. But they were not long retained. A fresh charge was made by increased numbers from the citadel, and our men were again driven back. Numbers threw themselves into the church as they passed, among whom was General Hay; whilst the rest gradually retired till reinforcements came up, when they resumed the offensive, and with the most perfect success. Thus was the street of St. Etienne, and the fieldpiece at its extremity, alternately in possession of the French and allies; the latter being taken and retaken no fewer than nine times, between the hours of three and seven in the morning.

Nor was the action less sanguinary in other parts of the field. Along the sides of the various glens, in the hollow ways, through the trenches, and over the barricades, the most deadly strife was carried on. At one moment, the enemy appeared to carry every thing before them; at another, they were checked, broken, and dispersed, by a charge from some battalions of the Guards: but the darkness was so great that confusion every where prevailed, nor could it be ascertained, with any degree of accuracy, how maters would terminate. Day at length began to dawn, and a scene was presented of absolute disorder and horrible carnage. Not only were the various regiments of each brigade separated and dispersed, but the regiments themselves were split up into little parties, each of which was warmly and closely engaged with a similar party of the enemy. In almost every direction, too, our men were gaining ground. The French had gradually retrograded; till now they maintained a broken and irregular line, through the churchsyard, and along the ridge of a hill, which formed a sort of natural crest to the glacis. One regiment of Guards, which had retained its order, perceiving this, made ready to complete the defeat. They pushed forward in fine array with the bayonet, and dreadful was the slaughter which took place ere the confused mass of fugitives were sheltered within their own gates. In like manner, a dash was made against those who still maintained themselves behind the church-yard wall; and they, too, with difficulty escaped into the redoubt.

A battle, such as that which I have just described, is always attended by a greater proportionate slaughter on both sides, than one more regularly entered into, and more scientifically fought. On our part, nine hundred men had fallen: on the part of the enemy, upwards of a thousand: and the arena within which they fell was so narrow, that even a veteran would have guessed the number of dead bodies at something greatly beyond this. The street of St. Etienne, in particular, was covered with killed and wounded; and round the six-pounder they lay in heaps. A French artillery-man had fallen across it, with a fuse it his hand. There he lay, his head cloven asunder, and the remains of the handle of the fuse in his grasp. The muzzle and breach of the gun were smeared with blood and brains; and beside them were several soldiers of both nations, whose heads had evidently been dashed to pieces by the butts of muskets. Arms of all sorts, broken and entire, were strewed about. Among the number of killed in our side was General Hay: He was shot through one of the loop-holes, in the interior of the church. The wounded, too, were far more than ordinarily numerous; in a word, it was one of the most hard-fought and unsatisfactory affairs which had occurred since the commencement of the war. Brave men fell, when their fall was no longer beneficial to their country, and much blood was wantonly shed during a period of national peace.

A truce being concluded between General Colville, who succeeded to the command of the besieging army, and the Governor of Bayonne the whole of the 15th was spent in burying the dead. Holes, were dug for them in various places, and they were thrown in, not without sorrow and lamentations, but with very little ceremony. In collecting them together, various living men were found, sadly mangled, and hardly distinguishable from their salaughtered comrades. These were, of course, removed to the hospitals, where every care was taken of them; but not a few perished from loss of blood-ere assistance aarived. It was remarked, likewise by the medical atteudants, that a greater proportion of incurable wounds were inflicted this night than they remember to have seen. Many had received bayoned-thrusts in vital paris, one man I recollect, whose eyes were both torn from the sockets, and hung over his cheeks whilst several were cut in two by round shot, which had passed through their bellies, and still left them breathing. The hospitals accordingly presented sad spectacles, whilst the shrieks and groans of the inmates acted with no more cheering effect upon the sense of hearing than their disfigured countenances and mangled forms acted upon the sense of sight.

It is unnecessary to remind the reader, that whilst our column of the army was thus engaged before Bayonne, Lord Wellington, following up his success at Orthies, had gained the splendid victory of Toulouse. As an immediate consequence upon that event the important city of Bour deaux was taken possession of by Lord Dalhousie, and declared for Louis XVIII.; whilst farther conquests were prevented only by the arrival of Colonels Cook and St. Simon, the one at the head-quarters of Lord Wellington, the other at those of Marshal Soult. By them official information was conveyed of the great change which had occurred in the French capital. An armistice between the two generals immediately followed and such an order being conveyed to General Thouvenot as he considered himself bound to obey, a similar treaty was entered into by us and the governor. By the terms of that treaty all hostilities were to cease. The two armies were still however, kept apart, nor was any one from our camp allowed to enter Bayonne without receiving a written pass from the adjutant-general. Foraging parties only were permitted to come forth from the place at stated periods, and to collect necessaries from any point within a circle of three leagues from the walls. Yet the truce was regarded by both parties, as an armed one. After so late an instance of treachery, we felt no disposition to trust to the word or honour of the French governor whilst the enemy, guessing, perhaps, that our bosoms burned for revenge, exhibited no symptoms of reposing confidence in us. On each side, therefore, a system of perfect watchfulness continued. We established our picquets, and planted our sentinels, with the same caution and strictness as before; nor was any other difference distinguishable between the nature of those duties now and what it had been a week ago, except that the enemy suffered us to show ourselves without firing upon us. So passed several days, till, on the 20th, the war, was formally declared to be at an end.

(To be concluded in our next)

IRISH FAIRY TALE.

'In the good days when the little people, most

impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground, in the neighbourhood of the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from "the beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family; they all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work; and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, and to milk the one cow, and to boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market to Mallow; but with all they could do, 'twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they did manage it for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles—*she* was sold in Mallow and brought almost nothing; and poor Mick found that he had'nt enough to half pay his rent and two gales were due.

'"Why, then, Molly," says he, "what'll we do?"

'"Wisha, then, mavourneene, what would you do but take the cow to the fair of Cork and sell her," says she; "and Monday is fair day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may be rested *again* the fair."

'"And what'll we do when she's gone?" says Mick, sorrowfully.

'"Never a know I know, Mick; but sure God won't leave us without him, Mick and you know how good he was to us when poor little Billy was sick, and we had nothing at all for him to take, that good doctor gentleman at Ballydahin come riding and asking for a drink of milk; and how he gave us two shillings; and how he sent the things and the bottles for the child, and gave me my breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy, and never left off his goodness till he was quite well."

'"Oh! you are always that way, Molley, and I believe you are right after all, so I won't be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripped under the arm."

Accordingly, on the morrow, Mick departs with his cow;—

'Twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the walls of the old abbey as he passed under them; he then crossed an extensive mountain tract, and after six long miles he came to the top of that hill—Bottle-hill 'tis called now, but that was not the name of it then, and just there a man overtook him. "Good morrow," says he. "Good Morrow, kindly," says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man, you'd almost call him a dwarf, only he was 'nt quite so little neither: he had a bit of an old, wrinkled yellow face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower, only he had a sharp little nose, and red eyes, and white hair, and his lips were not red, but all his face was one colour, and his eyes never were quiet, but looking at everything, and although they were red, they made Mick fell quite cold when he looked at them. In truth he did not much like the little man's company; and he couldn't see one bit of his legs nor his body, for though the day was warm, he was all wrapped up in a big great coat. Mick drove his cow something faster, but the little man kept up with him. Mick didn't know how he walked, for he was almost afraid to look at him, and to cross himself, for fear the old man would be angry. Yet he thought his fellow-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other, but to glide over the rough road, and rough enough it was, like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick's heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he hadn't come out that day, or that he was on Fair-hill, or that he hadn't the cow to mind, that he might run away from the bad [illegible]—When, in the midst of his fears, he was again addressed by his companion.'

The stranger, finding that he is going to sell his cow, offers to become the purchaser, and to give an empty bottle, which he produces, in exchange; this proposition is of course received at first with scorn, but after some admirable dialogue Mick finally consents, and the little man leaves him with the following directions.

'"When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right and spread a clean cloth over it, then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words: "Bottle, do your duty," and you will see the end of it."

Mick accordingly goes home, muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.

'"And what would I do if it broke," thought he. "Oh! but I'll take care of that." So he put it into his bosom, and went on anxious to prove his bottle, and doubting of the reception he should meet from his wife; balancing his anxieties with his expectation, his fears with his hopes, he reached home in the evening, and surprised his wife, sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney.

'"Oh! Mick, are you come back? Sure you were'nt at Cork all the way! What has happened to you? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? How much money did you get for her? What news have you? Tell us every thing about it."

'"Why, then Molly, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you all about it. If you want to know where the cow is, 'tisn't Mick can tell you, for the never a know does he know where she is now."

'"Oh! then, you sold her; and where's the money?"

'"Arrah! stop awhile, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it."

'"But what bottle is that under your waistcoat?" said Molly, spying its neck sticking out.

'"Why, then, be easy now, can't you," says Mick, "till I tell it to you;" and putting the bottle on the table. "That's all I got for the cow."

'His poor wife was thunderstruck, "All you got! and what good is that, Mick? Oh! I never thought you were such a fool; and what-'ll we do for the rent, and what———"

'"Now, Molly," says Mick, "can't you hearken to reason? Didn't I tell you how the old man, or whatsoever he was, met me—no, he did not meet me neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me?"

'"Yes indeed, the only thing for you, you fool!" said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband's head; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man's advice) loosened his wife's grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who indeed never discouraged her belief in the fairies; may be, he did'nt know she believed in them, and may be he believed them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath; then she tidied up every thing, and put out the long table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle, do your duty."

'"Look there! look there, mammy!" said his chubby eldest son, a boy about five years old—"look there! look there!" and he sprung to his mother's side, as two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. Mick and his wife looked at every thing with astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and didn't think they could ever admire them enough, the very sight almost took away their appetites: but at length Molly said, "Come and sit down, Mick, and try and eat a bit; sure you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work."

'"Why, then, the man told no lie about the bottle."

'Mick sat down, after putting the children to the table, and they made a hearty meal, though they couldn't taste half the dishes.

'"Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Molly put up the dishes and plates very carefully, saying, "Why, then, Mick, that was no lie sure enough: but you'll be a rich man yet, Mick Purcell."

'Mick and his wife and children went to their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but for all that, their landlord found it out, for he came to Mick one day and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the farm; and he bothered him so much, that at last Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever: so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle: but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly daybreak when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill: the mists were sleeping in the valleys and curling like smoke wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprang from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin song, ascending into the clear blue sky.

'"Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending.
And thrilling with music, was melting in light."'

'Mick crossed himself, listening as he advanced to the sweet song of the lark, but thinking, notwithstaneding, all the time of the little old man; when, just as he reached the summit of the hill, and cast his eyes over the extensive prospect before and around him, he was startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice: "Well, Mick Purcell, I told you, you would be a rich man."

'"Indeed, then, sure enough I was that's no lie for you, sir, Good morning to you, but it is not rich I am now—but have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago; so if you have it, sir, here is the cow for it."

'"And here is the bottle, said the old man, smiling; "you know what to do with it."

'"Oh! then sure I do, as good right I have."

'"Well, farewell for ever, Mick Purcell: I told you, you would be a rich man."

'"And good bye to you, sir," said Mick, as he turned back; "and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it wants a name—Bottle-hill.—Good bye, sir, good bye;" so Mick walked back as fast as he would, never looking after the white-faced little gentleman and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle.—Well, he arrived with it safely enough and called out as soon as he saw Molly—"Oh! sure I've bottle!"

'"Arrah! then, have you! why, then, you're a lucky man, Mick Purcell, that's what you are."

'In an instant she put every thing right; and Mick looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out,

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"Bottle, do your duty." In a twinkling, two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle (I do not know how they got room in it), and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again. Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thonghtand thought and at last be took up his wife and his children; and, leaving them to recoveras well as they could, he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company: he got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out to Mick.

'"Well, what do you want now?"

'"Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle.,"

'"Oh! ho! is it as good as the first?"

'"Yes. sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen."

'"Come along, then." So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old bottle standing high up on a shelf: "Ah! ha!" say he to himfelf, "may be I won't have you by and by."

'"Now," says his landord, "show us your bottle." Mich set it on the floor, and uttered the words: in a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running, and roaring and sprawling, kicking, and shrieking. Wine cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out "Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged."

"'They never shall stop," said Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there at top of that shelf."

'"Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!" says the landlord.

'Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever. how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their wake, broke the bottles; but still the hill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle-hill to the end of the world,and so it ought, for it is astrange story—pp. 85.—102.

Every one will be struck by the general likeness this tale bears to that of the Bottle-Imp; and we may recognize also in it some traits of the Arabian Nights. In the first part, the slaves of the bottle play the part of the slave of the lamp in the story of Aladdin, one of the first acts of whose ministry, it will be recollected is to cover a table with provisions. In the second, we see them exercising that system of rewards and punishments enacted by the supernatural devises in another tale, who, as the case appeared to them to require it, turned themselves into aspers for the benefit of the invoker, or beat him within an inch of his life. Two such odd coincidences could hardly arise but out of one common cause, and we must ascribe the *Legend of the Bottle* to an origin: to which, indeed, almost all stories must be referred. For, read one in *Athenæus*, or read one in *Joe Miller*, and afterwards turn to the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of Herbelot, *the Tales of a Parrot*, *Arabian Nights*, or *Persian Tales*, and, in one or other of these, will be found the parent of the plant, preserved in these two *horti sicci* of European anecdote and fable.

As well for the purpose of illustrating the nature of the tales and style of the narrator, as for that of proving the identity of fables in general, and therefore the necessity of attributing them to one common origin we will extract parts of another, called the Legend of *Knockgrafton*; which, with the former, is to be considered as an average specimen of the collection.

'There was once a poor man who lived in the fertile glen of Aherlow, at the foot of the gloomy Galtee mountains, and he had a great hump on his back: he looked just as if his body had been rolled up and placed upon his shoulders; and his head was pressed down with the weight so much that his chin when he was sitting used to rest upon his knees for support. The country people were rather shy of meeting him in any lonesome place, for though, poor creature, he was as harmless and as inoffensive as a new-born infant, yet his deformity was so great, that he scarcely appeared to be a human creature and some ill-minded persons had set strange stories about him afloat. He was said to bave a great knowledge of herbs and charms; but certain it was that he had a mighty skilful hand in plaiting straw and rushes into hats and baskets, which was the way he made his livelihood.'

This poor little fellow, who bore the nickname of Lusmore, from a sprig of fairy cap or lusmore which he always wore in his straw hat, was belated one evening, in returning from Cahir to Cappagh by the old moat of Knockgrafton. As he sate down disconsolate enough.—

'Presently there rose a wild strain of unearthly melody upon the ear of little Lusmore; he listened, and he thought that he had never beard such ravishing music before. It was like the sound of many voices, each mingling and blending with the other so strangely, that they seemed to be one, though all singing different strains, and the words of the song were these*:

'*Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort*, when there would be a moment's pause, and then the round of melody went on again.*

'Lusmore listened attentively, scarcely drawing his breath lest he might lose the slightest note. He now plainly perceived that the singing was within the moat, and though at first it had charmed him so much, he began to get tired of hearing the same round sung over and over so often without any change; so availing himself of the pause when the *Da Luan, Da Mort*, had been sung three times, he took up the tune and raised it with the words *augus Da Cadine*, and then went on singing with the voices inside of the moat, *Da Luan, Da Mort*, finishing the melody, when the pause again came with *augus Da Cadine*.

'The fairies within Knockgrafton, for the song was a fairy melody, when they heard this addition to their tune, were so much delighted, that with instant resolve it was determined to bring the mortal among them, whose musical skill so far exceeded theirs, and little Lusmore was conveyed into their company with the eddying speed of a whirlwind.

'Glorious to behold was the sight that burst upon him as he came down through the moat, twirling round and round and round with the lightness of a straw, to the sweet music that kept time to his motion. The greatest honour was then paid him, for he was put up above all the musicians, and he had servants 'tending upon him, and every thing to his heart's content, and a hearty welcome to all; and in short he was made as much of as if he had been the first man in the land.

'Presently Lusmore saw a great consultation going forward among the fairies, and notwithstanding all their civility, he felt very much frightened, until one stepping out from the rest came up to him and said,—

"Lusmore! Lusmore!
Doubt not, nor deplore,
For the hump which bore
On your back is no more;
Look down on the floor,
And view it, Lusmore!"

'When these words were said, poor little Lusmore felt himself so light, and so happy, that he could have bounded at one jump over the moon, like the cow in the history of the cat and the fiddle; and he saw, with inexpressed pleasure, his hump tumble down upon the ground from his shoulders. He then tried to lift up his head, and he did so with becoming caution, fearing that he might knock it against the ceiling of the grand hall, where he was; he looked round and round again with the greatest wonder and delight upon every thing which appeared more and more beautiful; and overpowered at belonging such a re-sresplendent scene, his head grew dizzy, and his eyes ight became dim. At last he fell into a sound sleep, and he awoke, he found that it was broad daylight, and the birds singing sweetly; and that he was lying just at the foot of the moat of Knockgrafton, with the cows and sheep grazing peaceably round about him. The first thing Lusmore did, after saying his prayers, was to put his hand behind to feel for his hump, but no sign of one was there on his back, and he looked at himself with great pride, for he had now become a well-shaped dapper little fellow; and more than that found himself in a full suit of new clothes, whicl he concluded the fairies had made for him.'

(To be Continued.)

* The author, among other observations illustrative of this legend, adds the following explanatory note:—

'To render the words of the fairy song (signifying Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday) suitable to the English reader, they are given according to their sound in preference to the correct spelling, which would be "Dia Luain, Dia Mairt, agus Dia Ceadaoine."

'In Irish the word dia', die, or de, is prefixed before the proper names of the week days, agreeably to the Latin but contrary to the custom of the languages of mordern Europe, in which the common name, day, is subjoined to the proper name of the week day: thus as in the Latin, Dies Solis, Dies Lunæ, Dies Martis, so in the Irish, Dia Sul, Luain, Dia Mairt: the ancient name of Sunday has in modern times been changed into Dia Domhna (pronounced Dona), according to the Christian Latin, most probably introduced by the clergy.'—p. 33.

Χαλεπον το μη φιλησαι,
Χαλεπον δε και φιλησαι,
Χαλεπωτεζον δε παντων
Αποτυγχανειν φιλουντα.
Ανακζε,ον

1.

In youths gay hour when mirth alone can move
When fancy's visions beam with rich delight,
Ah! who would dream the sharpest pangs to prove
From Love's soft sway from beauty's dazzling sight?
Alas! the ancient bard of Greece is right
The heart is joyless till it feels its power,
Its chains seem easy and its burthen light,
Celestial bliss seems hoveringo'er each hour,
No adverse prospects rise, no threatning tempests lour.

2.

But bitter hours await the hapless swain,
Who yeilds submissively his wounded heart,
His days of careless mirth ne'er dawn again,
His soul is heavy and his joys depart—
The frequent tear drops from his eyeballs start,
The bursting sighs with deep convulsion rise
For one fair form, content from all to part,
Her smile his life, his heaven in her eyes—
His heart once filled with love, to nought but Love replies—

3.

But mild these early cares and stingless all,
Compared to those by me unhappy found—
The Keen edged arrow is not dipped in gall,
No poison wrankles in the tender wound!—
My ears have heard the Soul-subduing sound,
Farewell!—Farewell hath echoed through my brain—
The pangs of wretchedness my heart surround—
Visions of joy present themselves in vain—
Nor tears can quench the flame, nor sighs can sooth my pain.

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